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PETER A. BRANNON, Editor



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EDITORIAL

The material presented herein is intended as a collection of data referable to the Confederate period of the State history. An examination of the contents will demonstrate that an effort was made to get together a sort of overall group which would not only be informative but interesting to those who want to know something about those who participated in the life and activities of that period.

P.A.B.

THE STARS AND BARS *

By Peter A. Brannon

Madam Chairman, Ladies of the Andrew Barry Moore Chapter
U. D. C.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

You have gathered on this occasion to do honor to a fellow-townsmen who you claim as the designer of that particular one of the flags of the Confederate State of America, historically known as the "Stars and Bars." By the placing of this commemorative tablet of enduring bronze set onto this granite boulder, — man's decorative handiwork superimposed on God's natural substance, — you have chosen to thus express your faith, as well as to show your determination that future generations may see it and know of this man's interest and his willingness to assist in furthering the designs of those at Montgomery, seeking to make permanent the life of that embryonic nation so lately come into existence.

It was on Monday, March 4, 1861, that this banner, destined to be short lived but whose glory will never die, was flung first to the south breezes.

Your efforts are all the more commendable when it is realized that you seek to honor Nicola Marschall, the native of Prussia, and then a fellow-worker in one of your cultural centers, when the four organizations, The United Confederate Veterans, The United Daughters of the Confederacy, The Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Southern Confederate Memorial Associations, have one, all and collectively, endorsed the claim made by Mayor Orren Randolph Smith, of Louisburg, North Carolina

* An address presented on the occasion of the unveiling of a commemorative marker, Monday, March 4, 1945, by the Andrew Barry Moore Chapter, U.D.C., Marion, Alabama., to Nicola Marschall, Designer of the first Confederate flag. Subsequent to this meeting the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Confederate Veterans organization formally endorsed the selection of Mr. Marschall as the actual designer.

to the honor of designing the original flag of the Confederacy. Officially he, and not Mr. Marschall, is the designer of the flag.

You seek to prove by your faith and by recently established evidences that Mr. Marschall designed the flag. What I may say on this occasion will probably not be new to those of you people of Marion who have kept in touch with the efforts of these women so zealously attempting to bring forth facts on the basis of which the judgment, opinions and reports relative to this design may be substantiated for your claimant. General C. Ervine Walker, chairman of the Stars and Bars Committee of the U.C.V., in his report made at the Richmond Reunion in June, 1915, apparently admits that the claim of Major Smith was endorsed because of the fact that all evidence proved that Major Smith submitted a model of the flag to the Committee of Congress sitting at Montgomery. According to a sworn declaration of Major Smith the design as adopted was the same as a drawing which he sent and which was subsequently chosen to be the flag of the Confederacy. While there were certain ones who claimed that Mr. Marschall made a model and that the flag as finally adopted was to all appearances identical with Marschall's, at the same time, the report specifically says: "There is no evidence to show that anyone testifying, saw Mr. Marschall's model or to their own knowledge knew that such was made, or that it was handed to the Confederate Congressional Committee. If it was handed to Governor Moore of Alabama it is by no means indicated that it ever reached or was intended for the Congressional Committee." It is therefore obvious that the efforts which have been put forth in the last five years to prove that Nicola Marschall's flag was carried to Montgomery, were not being pressed and that his claim or the claims in his behalf, were never brought to the attention of this official Flag Committee.

Speaking personally, disclaiming any intension to interpret officially, and on my own behalf, my own authority, and without premeditated prejudice, I am disposed to believe that the endorsement of the three organizations which followed in subsequent years in the footsteps of the general U. C. V. organization, were influenced by this report rather than being independently

considered on the fact of the claim as presented. At the same time, it is not improbable that you women of Marion, and perhaps the organization in Alabama as a whole, might be in a measure blamed because you were not insistently, consistently and persistently active in bringing about these claims to the attention of the several organizations as was the fair daughter of the North Carolina major.

I am personally convinced beyond peradventure that the claim for the Marion, Alabama design is not only sound but reasonably. Perhaps it will be said that I am prejudiced, and perhaps I have not gone deep enough into the other side of the question. I must be allowed to frankly state that I am surprised that the major should have waited forty-nine years before he claimed the honor and as well, that the people of Marion and Alabama should have waited until long after 1900 before they set on record their claim that it was Mr. Marschall whose design was accepted. This fact, if I may be permitted to diverge for a moment, should here impress itself, that down life's pathway, as accomplishments are consummated and as seeming great movements press forward, we should not leave unsaid that which may subsequently redound to the glory of that incident.

It is claimed by your local group, that Mrs. Lockett asked Mr. Marschall to sketch for the Committee a suggestion for a flag. You further claim that Governor Moore carried this suggestion to Montgomery. Certain affidavits bring out that fact that even as late as March 2 no concerted agreement among the members of the Committee had been reached. The journals of the Confederate Congress, as well as the current newspaper accounts, show that on the fourth day of March, Monday, the Flag Committee brought in a report and that at half-past three in the afternoon the adopted flag of the Confederate State was hoisted over the dome of the Alabama State Capitol, the then meeting place of the Confederate Congress, by Miss Letitia Tyler, granddaughter of the tenth president of the United States.

Investigating committees which have endeavored to reconcile the differences between the North Carolina and the Alabama

claims have considered always that the design as finally accepted was the one claimed to have been previously submitted by Major Smith, of North Carolina, but my personal viewpoint is that the discerning public at this late date should carefully consider the fact that Major Smith says that he transmitted to the Congress a design made by one of his girl friends, Miss Becky Murphy, later Mrs. W. B. Winborne, at least several weeks prior to the adoption. Major Smith's flag could not possibly be the one run up on the flag pole (which it is claimed that it was) as when he transmitted his suggestion, not more than four of the seven states whose stars were represented on the flag of March 4 had joined the Confederacy. The Marion claim that Mr. Marschall made his design about a week in advance of the date is more reconcilable in that at that time certainly five, if not the seven states represented by stars on the flag, had left the American Union. In this case the Smith claim that his flag was represented is disproved, but it is not disproved that the flag carrying his design was raised.

The official investigating committees have doubted that Mr. Marschall's design ever reached the hands of the Congressional Committee. It is not necessary to think this unreasonable. The governor of Alabama in whose hospitality this congress was meeting, would reasonably have been allowed the courtesy of suggesting the adoption of a submitted design.

Even so, your local committee's claims are reconcilable and highly probable in that your statement that the women of Marion prepared a flag and that a committee accompanied Governor Moore to Montgomery after one of his week-end trips and that this flag made by your Marion group was the identical one which was on that occasion flung to the breeze on that March day. There is a local tradition that on the afternoon before the flag was hoisted a group of Montgomery women gathered in the basement of Court Street church and hastily prepared, in accordance with the to be accepted design, a flag to be raised on the morrow. Both of these traditions must be carefully weighed. If he, Governor Moore, announced on his arrival that the Flag Committee had adopted the Marschall design, he was presuming

as the evidence is preponderant that the official announcement was not forthcoming until Monday morning, and there is a statement that within two hours after the announcement the flag was flying in the breeze. Hence the announcement was officially made at 1:30 P. M. It is historically recorded that Mr. Alexander Clitheral, anticipating the decision of the Committee, had directed the preparation of a flag for the occasion, to be used as soon as the announcement was made, and that this flag was the one hoisted. Mr. Clitheral was the secretary to the President of the Confederacy. It is not impossible that the Marion flag was used and it is not impossible that Mr. Clitheral may have requested Governor Moore to have a flag prepared in advance and in accordance with Marschall model. The local tradition at Marion as to the making of the flag during Governor Moore's stay at home over the week-end is proven by the letter to Miss Fannie, which is:—

Note—

Marion, Ala.

Dear Miss Fannie:

I am sorry Mr. Cocke is sick this morning and I can't come to help make this flag too, but all the silk left from making the Cotton Plant Flag is rolled up together in a bundle and is here. When I opened the bundle and found that all left of Mrs. Sumter Lea's wedding dress were in with the other silk left, I sent over to ask her about using it in this Confederate Flag too, but she is out of town this morning, and it is impossible to get in touch with her, but I feel sure she would be willing for it to be used for this flag if she could be consulted, and I am taking the responsibility of sending it with the others. If Mr. Marschall's design for this flag requires white silk for one bar only which you said, there is a width which is plenty wide and long for that, and the stars can be easily made from the waist, which was not touched. The silk pattern which Cornelia's father brought to her from Mobile I am sending which can be used for the

red. Hope you all will have no trouble in finishing it to-day — if you need her Peggy could come and help sew on it. I know there is no time to spare — In haste

Julia Anne Cocke.

Saturday March 2nd 1861.

The local tradition in Montgomery that women gathered in the basement of the Court Street church on the afternoon prior to the raising of the flag, forces the conclusion that their flag was made on Sunday. I am rather doubtful whether such conclusion can be based on facts. Such might have applied at the present time, but our views are different from those of the sixties, and I do not think that the women would have gathered on Sunday to make even as important a thing as this flag was destined to be.

The fact is, the documentary evidences and the current reports of the period all leave the opportunity for these committees which have been heretofore appointed to determine this question to arrive at the decision which they give. Major F. G. Fontaine who was a newspaper correspondent at Montgomery and who wrote under the nondeplum of "Personne", tells a very interesting story of the first Confederate flag. His March 5th contribution to the newspapers embodied wholly in a report of General Stephen D. Lee issued as general orders, No. 56, while he was Commander-in-chief and bearing date of June 3, 1906. This newspaper account must be given consideration and is without doubt not only of value but of pertinent contribution to the subject. There is, a very interesting feature of this report and on the basis of that, the Marion claim does have its strongest possibility. The statement is:

"It may prove an interesting historical incident that this first flag was raised by Judge Alexander B. Clitherall of Montgomery. By reason of his connection with the Provisional Congress, he was enabled to obtain in advance of its publicity, a description of the design agreed upon and with the aid of a number of ladies, he promptly fashioned a flag for use. Then, repairing to the roof of the Capitol, he

awaited halliard in hand the signal from the legislative hall below that should announce the vote of approval. But an instant elapsed after it was known, when the graceful folds of the standard were waving in the breeze.——”

Other historical current references, notably the account in the Montgomery Advertiser, say that two hours elapsed between the announcement of the decision and the actual hoisting of the flag. Major Fontaine's statement that only an instant elapsed is reconcilable when it is considered that Miss Tyler who had been previously chosen to raise the flag must be sent for. The statement that Judge Clitheral “by reason of his connection with the Provisional Congress was able to obtain advance of its publicity, a description of the design”, actually makes possible the Marion claim that Governor Moore was able to announce at Marion that the committee had chosen the design suggested by Mr. Marschall. At the same time, you should not forget that the local Montgomery claim that the actual flag which was hoisted was the one fashioned by the hands of the local group brought together by Mr. Clitheral. Remember, listeners, if Governor Moore learned on Friday that the Marschall design would be chosen, Mr. Clitheral knew it then and the Montgomery ladies could likewise have “fashioned” their banner on Saturday as did the Marion ones. All in all, when one goes deeper into this subject the possibility of a conclusion, seventy-four years after the incident, is apparently insurmountably difficult.

The decision reached by the Sons of Confederate Veterans was that the claims of both sides were rather confusing, and the 1933 reconsideration by the Sons was that inasmuch as no proof had been forthcoming but that the Veteran's organization and the Daughters having concluded that the Smith claim was the most probable, they would adhere to their original decision, is at least, one of reasonable conclusion. Of course, it is not improbable that Governor Moore knew and that Alexander Clitheral knew that the members of the Committee were apparently unable to reach a decision as to which flag was acceptable to them individually but that there were enough votes to throw the decision in favor of the Nicola Marschall flag, yet there here is another phase of the

controversy to be reckoned with when it is realized that "the Committee could not agree upon a flag." This inability to agree as a committee is everywhere set out and never disputed. The journals of the Confederate Congress specifically set out that a recommendation was made that the designs be submitted to the Congress for selection. In 1872 Mr. William Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, chairman of the Flag Committee, wrote to General Beauregard that "they finally determined to submit four designs to Congress from which they should by vote select one. One of the four was the flag that was adopted — the first flag of the Confederacy-----."

Yet, with this statement by Mr. Miles and with much other contributory historical data hinting that the committee were unable to reach a conclusion, at the secret session of the Congress on Monday morning, March 4, 1861 and sometime shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, Mr. Miles presented the report of the committee which is:

"The Committee appointed to select a proper flag for the Confederate States of America, beg leave to report:

That they have given this subject due consideration, and carefully inspected all of the designs and models submitted of them. The number of these has been immense, but they all may be divided into two great classes. *First*. Those which copy and preserve the principal features of the United States flag, with slight and unimportant modifications. *Secondly*. Those which are very elaborate, complicated, or fantastical. The objection to the first class is, that none of them at any considerable distance could readily be distinguished from the one which they imitate. Whatever attachment may be felt, from association, for "the Stars and Stripes" (an attachment which your committee may be permitted to say they do not all share), it is manifest that in inaugurating a new government we can not with any propriety, or without encountering very obvious practical difficulties, retain the flag of the Government from which we have withdrawn. There is no propriety in retaining the ensign of a government

which, in the opinion of the States composing this Confederacy, had become so oppressive and injurious to their interests as to require their separation from it. It is idle to talk of "keeping" the Flag of the United States when we have voluntarily seceded from them. It is superfluous to dwell upon the practical difficulties which would flow from the fact of two distinct and probably hostile governments, both employing the same or very similar flags. It would be a political and military solecism. (It would produce endless confusion and mistakes. It would lead to perpetual disputes.) As to the "glories of the old flag," we must bear her in mind that the battles of the Revolution, about which our fondest and proudest memories cluster, were not fought beneath its folds. And although in more recent times — in the war of 1812 and in the war of Mexico — the south did win her fair share of glory, and shed her full measure of blood under its guidance and in its defense, we think the impartial page of history will preserve and commemorate the fact more imperishably than a mere piece of striped bunting. When the colonies achieved their independence of the "mother country" (which up to the last they fondly called her) they did not desire to retain the British flag or anything similar to it. Yet under that flag they had been planted, and nurtured and fostered. Under that flag they had fought in their infancy for their very existence against more than one determined foe; under it they had repelled and driven back the relentless savage, and carried it farther and farther into the decreasing wilderness as the standard of civilization and religion; under it the youthful Washington won his spurs in the memorable and unfortunate expedition of Braddock, and Americans helped to plant it on the heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell, covered with glory, in the arms of victory. But our forefathers, when they separated themselves from Great Britain — a separation not on account of their hatred of the English constitution or of English institutions, but in consequence of the tyrannical and unconstitutional rule of Lord North's administration, and because their destiny beckoned them on to independent expansion and achievement — cast no lingering, regretful looks

behind. They were proud of their race and lineage, proud of their heritage in the glories and genius and language of old England, but they were influenced by the spirit of the motto of the great Hampden, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" They were determined to build up a new power among the nations of the world. They therefore did not attempt "to keep the old flag." We think it good to imitate them in this comparatively little matter as well as to emulate them in greater and more important ones. The committee, in examining the representations of the flag of all countries, found that Liberia and the Sandwich Islands had flags so similar to that of the United States that it seemed to them an additional, if not in itself a conclusive, reason why we should not keep, "copy," or imitate it. They felt no inclination to borrow, at second hand, what had been pilfered and appropriated by a free negro community and a race of savages. It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded by the committee to what seemed so strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old "Stars and Stripes." So much for the mass of models and designs more or less copied from, or assimilated to, the United States flag. With reference to the second class of design — those of an elaborate and complicated character (but many of them showing considerable artistic skill and taste) — the committee will merely remark, that however pretty they may be, when made up by the cunning skill of a fair lady's fingers in silk, satin, and embroidery, they are not appropriate flags. A flag should be simple, readily made, and, above all, capable of being made up in bunting. It should be different from the flag of any other country, place, or people. It should be significant. It should be readily distinguishable at a distance. The colors should be well contrasted and durable, and, lastly, and not the least important point, it should be effective and handsome.

The committee humbly think that the flag which they submit combines these requisites. It is very easy to make. It is entirely different from any national flag. The three colors of which it is composed — red, white, and blue — are the

true republican colors. In heraldry they are emblematic of the three great virtues — of valor, purity, and truth. Naval men assure us that it can be recognized and distinguished at a great distance. The colors contract admirably and are lasting. In effect and appearance it must speak for itself. Your committee, therefore, recommend that the flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center, and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag. The red space above and below to be of the same width as the white. The union blue extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space. In the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States of the Confederacy. If adopted, long may it wave over a brave, a free, and a virtuous people. May the career of the Confederacy, whose duty it will then be to support and defend it, be such as to endear it to our children's children, as a flag of the loved, because a just and benign, government, and the cherished symbol of its valor, purity and truth.

Respectfully submitted.

WM. PORCHER MILES,
Chairman"

By the entry in the journal Mr. Whithers moved that the whole of the report of the Committee on The Flag be entered on the journal and it was so ordered. Another evidence, and a documentary one, of the fact that there is no question but that the Congress adopted the report of the committee and did not choose the flag by its own arbitrary selection.

It is of historic interest that F. G. Carpenter contributed to Lippincott's magazine in 1885 a very interesting article titled "The Stars and Bars." In discussing the organization of the Confederacy, he says: "and the convention adopted a constitution and chose the Confederate flag. When making their selection they received designs and letters from all parts of the South, and

these are now hidden away in an old scrap-book among the Confederate archives in the war department at Washington.

It is a ragged volume, eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and four inches thick. Its paper, originally white, is now a faded pink. Its covers are worn, and its corners are dog-eared. In it are pasted 120 designs for a Confederate flag, which were presented to the Montgomery convention, and by their sides, or on the opposite pages, are the numerous letters which accompanied them. Some of these letters are addressed to Jefferson Davis, some to Alexander Stephens, some to Robert Toombs and a great number to William Porcher Miles, who was the chairman of the committee on flags.

The designs are of all sizes, shapes and colors. Some of them, especially those sent by ladies, are of silk, the different colors neatly sewed; some are of bunting, rudely painted; and a large number are made up of pieces of different colored paste-board or paper (joined) together into the design desired. There is little originality shown in these devices. Most of them are combinations of the colors and form of the stars and stripes, while not a few are modeled after the flags of other nations now in use.—

Of the long report of the committee on March 5, 1861, fully one-half is given up to an explanation why more of the stars and stripes could not be embodied in the flag presented. The report then states that the committee humbly think the following design combines the above requisites, and they submit it as "the flag of the Confederate States of America." "It shall consist of a red field, with a white space extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be the same width as the white. The union blue, extending down through the white space stopping at the lower red space. In the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States of the Confederacy." This report was adopted and the above design became known as the 'stars and bars'.—"The Journal of the Provisional Congress for Thursday, March 7, 1861, says:—"Mr. Miles offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That all models or designs for a flag of the Confederate States, which have been referred to the committee on the flag, be placed in the custody of the clerk of Congress, who shall return them to the several authors or contributors, at their own expense, whenever they shall apply for the same; which was agreed to, and the injunction of secrecy thereon was ordered to be removed."

It is not strange that between 1885 and the early years of the nineteen hundreds no one seems to have interested themselves toward identifying or toward elaborating on any of these submitted designs? How easy it would have been and alas! how easy it is even yet, to go up into the records and possibly solve this question.

One of the strongest statements in behalf of the claim for Mr. Marschall is a deposition of General E. W. Rucker who says that General Forrest and he discussed his submission of the design in 1869. His deposition is:—

Birmingham, Ala.,

March 15, 1915.

In the spring of 1869 I was in Marion in company with General N. B. Forrest. Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, a leading spirit in Confederate affairs and a most talented and cultivated woman, invited us to dine. When we arrived we met there also ex-Governor A. B. Moore. The conversation turned much on Confederate happenings in Marion, and Governor Moore, turning to me, said, "By the way, you know Nicola Marschall, who designed the Confederate flag chosen by Congress, is a Marion citizen," and he went to speak of Marschall's genius as an artist and a draftsman. Both Governor Moore and Mrs. Lockett were proud that Marion held this honor.

I had then never met Mr. Marschall, and the next day General Forrest and I went to call on him. We told him of what Governor Moore had said and congratulated him. Mr. Marschall was much pleased, and related in detail how Mrs.

Lockett came to him to design the flag and her suggestions as to how it should be, and of how Congress had chosen the first one he drew. I moved to Marion and lived there ten years, and was a frequent visitor to Mr. Marschall's, seeing much of him and his wife. That Marschall designed the Confederate flag chosen by Congress is well known in Marion and Alabama. I have heard many others speak of it, and the honor here was never denied him by anyone. I have in my home a splendid portrait of Forrest painted by Marschall, which I prize greatly.

(Signed) EDW. W. RUCKER,

Col. Comdg. Rucker Brigade, Forrest Company. (Cavalry)

Witness:

David Roberts, Jr.

Millie Beall.

It is not impossible that two minds may have run in the same channel. I reached the conclusion many months ago that Mr. Marschall and Major Smith may have both thought along the same lines. I read from clippings recently inspected by me that Miss Emma Augusta Jones, a grand-niece of Mrs. Lockett, called this very fact to the attention of a Birmingham paper in which this controversy long ranged, herself several months ago. I did not know of Miss Jones' conclusions and I feel sure that Miss Jones did not know of mine. We both thought alike and it is not improbable that the two claimants for the honor did also.

I wonder if the controversy as to the designer of the beautiful emblem is worthy of the temper, the excitement and the feeling to which many have gone. Of course, it is desirable to set right the facts of history. Unfortunately we seem to have waited too long to reach a positive conclusion—one that will be acceptable to all. Your *local* flag committee has much first-hand information but it is heavily weighted with hearsay and tradition. It is not documented to a final point. I think—and I here respectfully recommend—that you consecrate this stone to the memory of

Nicola Marschall whose design for a Confederate flag was adopted. At least in its major points it is a foregone conclusion that it was. You can at this late date see that you should not have waited to document your claims. The United Daughters of the Confederacy should have long since realized that the organization could have immortalized itself by zealous efforts directed while the participants yet lived. It is too late now to establish some points of history which must be set down by those who make it. Major Smith claimed, while living, that he drew the design and sent it on to Montgomery. Mr. Marschall asserted that he did, but those who have weighed both claims never had your lately compiled data and have obviously not considered it. It is not likely that the question will be revived—and I hardly think it advisable to suggest it—but in my humble opinion you have established more evidence to prove your contention than did the North Carolina claimant. Even if someone goes later into the files of the U. S. War Department and examines that Scrap Book, it does not necessarily hold that the Marschall design will be found there as the documentary evidence is that the Marschall design was not even sought until it became apparent that the Committee was having difficulty reaching a decision.

With the published evidence submitted to the several general organizations before me I, without equivocation, assert that I see no reason to endorse the Smith Claim to this honor, and disregard the claim for Mr. Marschall. The controversy cannot, for lack of space or time, be argued here but in my estimation Major Smith's claims have not sufficient weight. Until proven to the contrary, to my satisfaction, I shall believe that the last submitted "simple" design, the one "easily made" and "handsome", which the committee wanted was carried in during that last week of consideration by Governor Moore.

In consecrating this occasion to the memory of your fellow-citizen now on the other side of that stream separating us from those tumultuous times, please realize that the emblematic symbol represents far more in our ideals than the man who actually or physically set down this sign. Do not overlook the part played by Mrs. Napoleon Lockett who seems to have been the motive

force and to have furnished the enthusiasm which prompted the submission of this design. Of course, those women who made it, those women who furnished the silken goods said to have gone into it, themselves made sacrifices, but the patriotic emotion of this one Marion woman must have foremost place in any consideration of Marion's claims to the glory of this occasion. The romantic temperament of this Prussian native, his artistic ability and his cultural environment lent much influence as he casually sketched, in a passing moment, those submitted designs. From almost the beginning of this town's history its cultural atmosphere has predominated. Patriotism is that very evident adjunct to the character of any well-rounded people. Mrs. Lockett's love of her native health influenced her determination that Governor Moore make available this opportunity.

It seems only natural that from Marion should come the emblazoned standard of that "Storm Cradled Nation that fell."

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

The first relief Act by the State of Alabama in aid of former Confederate soldiers who were maimed during the War Between the States

By CLYDE E. WILSON*

Showing the acts of the several legislatures of Alabama for the years 1867 to 1879, both inclusive, authorizing the issuance of artificial limbs to maimed soldiers of the war between the States, the machinery for obtaining same, a list by counties for the years mentioned, of those to whom limbs were issued, the names and place of residence of the persons or firms with whom contracts were made by the State for the manufacture of such limbs.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS FURNISHED BY THE STATE OF ALABAMA TO MAIMED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WHO SERVED AS SUCH DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861-1865, TOGETHER WITH A STATEMENT OF THE FACTS LEADING TO LEGISLATION, THE ACTS OF THE LEGISLATURE AUTHORIZING THE FURNISHING OF SUCH LIMBS AND LISTS OF NAMES OF THOSE TO WHOM SUCH AID WAS EXTENDED, SHOWN BY COUNTIES, FOR THE YEARS 1867 TO 1879, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Immediately after the close of the war to which reference is made above, some idea of financial aid to the soldiers was in the minds of the legislators and the matter was discussed freely, but it was not until the legislature of 1866-67 that any concrete action was taken, when an act "for the relief of maimed soldiers and sailors" was passed. This act contemplated only the furnishing of artificial legs to those who had lost a leg while in service. The Governor was authorized to enter into a contract with some manufacturer of artificial limbs to furnish such as might be necessary, the cost not to exceed \$70.00 for a leg made for amputation above the knee and \$50.00 for that below.

*This paper was compiled by Mr. Wilson under a W.P.A. Project in 1937, supervised by the Military Records Division of the Department of Archives and History and Mr. Wilson used the Auditor's reports and the Acts of Alabama, in addition to the actual archives now filed in the Military Records Division.

Acting under the authority granted him by this act, the Governor entered into a contract with Strasser & Callahan, of Montgomery, to furnish such artificial limbs as might be required.

The applicant for a leg was required to furnish a sworn statement with the Probate Judge of his county, setting forth his age, place of residence, in what company, regiment or battalion he served, when, where and how he was wounded, by what surgeon or surgeons the amputation was made and that he was an actual resident of the county on the 19th of Feb. 1867 and that it was his intention to remain there indefinitely. This statement had to be sworn to before the Probate Judge and be accompanied by an affidavit from some one that the facts set forth therein were true.

The Probate Judge retained this statement and sent a certified copy to the State Auditor, who intun issued an order to the contractor to furnish the limb as applied for. A blank for all necessary measurements was furnished by the contractor.

When the limb was delivered, the applicant signed a receipt to the contractor stating that he had received the limb and that it was satisfactory in every respect. This receipt was delivered to the Auditor, who then issued his warrant on the Treasurer for the amount due the contractor.

A condition of the contract with Strasser & Callahan was that they were to deliver the manufactured limb to some central point within easy access to the applicant and that they were to take one half of the payments in cash and the other half in State bonds. The series, number and denomination of such bonds is not stated.

An appropriation of \$30,000.00 was made by the legislature, one half in money and one half in bonds, to carry out the provisions of this act.

The number of applications does not seem to have been as great as was anticipated as in 1871, four years after the original act was passed, there remained in the treasury an unexpended balance of \$15,560.00 to the credit of this fund and the legislature and in 1872, the legislature extended the workings of this act and appropriated an additional \$5,000.00. In 1874 and 1878 like

amounts were again appropriated. The firm of Strasser and Callahan, (changed in 1874 to J. Strasser,) continued the manufacture of artificial limbs under their original contract, but in 1874 an additional contract was made with William M. Hawkins, of Elba, Coffee County, and J. E. Roberts of Montgomery. Hawkins himself, was a recipient of a leg under the first contract with Strasser and Callahan and then got out a patent on one of his own manufacture that seems to have given more general satisfaction than any other.

In 1878 the plan was changed to quite an extent. Instead of furnishing an arm or leg, a flat sum of \$75.00 was to be paid to every cripple, who by some reason could not wear such leg or arm and who had not received any aid of any kind previously. Totally blind were to receive \$150.00. At the end of the fiscal year, if there was any balance remaining in the treasury, it was to be divided equally amongst those that had been aided previously, if still in need. Practically the same machinery was used in the applications for the cash as was used in that for arm or leg. After 1879, some form of regular pension, which is not at this time under discussion, was adopted.

AN ACT.

Fof the relief of maimed Officers and Soldiers who belonged to the military organizations of this State or of the Confederate States.

“Whereas, There are now resident in this State a large number of men who, while in the military service of this State or of the Confederate States, suffered bodily mutilation, and it is fit and proper there should be some recognition by Alabama of the claim thus established, therefore:—

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama, in General Assembly convened, That His Excellency, the Governor, be, and he is hereby authorized and requested to contract, in such manner as he may deem best, and as soon after the passage of this act as may be found practicable, with some manufacturer of improved artificial limbs, to furnish all such limbs as, under the provisions of this act, may be required for the use of all

persons now resident within this State, with intention here to reside, who, during the late war, served in any capacity in the military service of the State or of the Confederate States and in the line of duty of said service, suffered bodily mutilation to the extent of a foot or leg; Provided, That such party contracting shall engage to deliver the limbs contracted for at some central point in this State, and then and there to have such limbs properly fitted to all persons under the provisions of this act thereto entitled, in such manner as shall best promote their ease, security and comfort; And provided further, That in no case shall such contract be awarded to any person who shall not agree to furnish such limbs at a price not to exceed seventy (\$70.00) dollars for an artificial leg when the amputation has been above and fifty (\$50.00) dollars when it has been below the knee joints.

Sec. 2. * * * * *

Sec. 5. * * * * *

Sec. 4. * * * * *

Sec. 5. (Provides that in event mutilation is of such nature that no artificial limb can be used, he is to be paid \$100.00 in lieu thereof.)

Sec. 6. * * * * *

Sec. 7. (Appropriate \$30,000.00, one half to be paid in money and one half in bonds of this State)"

Approved Feb. 19, 1867.

Acts of Alabama, 1866-67, page 695 et seq.

List of those having received an artificial leg during the year 1867. Names alphabetically arranged by counties, and showing the cost of each limb.

Autauga County.

F. M. Eiland	\$70.00
J. N. Fox	50.00
W. A. Gray	70.00
Thos. A. Myers	50.00

Baldwin County.

None.

Barbour County.		Samuel A. Tolbert	70.00
J. B. Feagen	70.00	Jas. M. Whiteside	70.00
T. M. Kennedy	70.00	Chambers County.	
James A. Lewis	50.00	Moses K. Hollis	50.00
William Matthews	70.00	Daniel H. Howell	70.00
Isaiah Smith	70.00	Lucius C. Ward	70.00
John F. Watkins	50.00	Cherokee County.	
William A. Stewart	70.00	Marion Barrett	50.00
Bibb County.		W. H. Lawrence	50.00
L. H. Kinnard	50.00	J. M. Reed	50.00
A. W. Strickland	50.00	Chilton (formerly Baker) County	
C. L. Woolsey	70.00	None.	
Jas. F. Wyatt	50.00	Choctaw County.	
Blount County		A. C. Carlisle	70.00
Jesse Bailey	50.00	J. Wesley Hurst	70.00
S. T. Burnett	50.00	A. A. Simmons	70.00
Buford Gant	50.00	Clarke County.	
Harper Morton	70.00	Peter I. Brown	50.00
Geo. Staten	70.00	Mathew Cox	70.00
Bullock County.		Clay County.	
D. A. Adams	70.00	J. D. Baker	70.00
Edward Benton	50.00	Richard F. Clifton	50.00
Andrew J. Lane	50.00	J. W. Hollingsworth	70.00
B. F. Marsh	50.00	Joel F. McCreight	70.00
T. G. Scroggins	50.00	Isaac H. Phillips	50.00
W. B. Wrenn	50.00	John Sumner	50.00
Butler County.		Clebourne County.	
C. J. Armstrong	70.00	None.	
J. F. Campbell	50.00	Coffee County.	
Zacheus H. Day	50.00	None.	
A. H. Ferguson	50.00	Colbert County.	
Thos. H. Hodges	50.00	T. B. Thomasson	50.00
Geo. L. Jackson	50.00		
William Rogers	70.00		
James M. Whitehead	70.00		
Calhoun County.			
J. S. Beal	70.00		
R. Hasson	70.00		
James S. Hays	50.00		
J. H. Kirby	70.00		

Conecuh County		J. W. Howard	50.00
U. P. Darnell	70.00	William Johns	70.00
A. H. Floyd	70.00	Henry M. Meadows	70.00
E. H. Robinson	70.00	M. H. Taylor	50.00
Geo. W. Thompson	50.00	Escambia County.	
Coosa County.		None.	
H. M. Barrow	50.00	Etowah (formerly Baine) County.	
Geo. W. Davis	50.00	John W. Hill	70.00
Chas. M. Eden	70.00	James M. Patrick	70.00
J. W. E. Gullledge	50.00	Fayette County.	
W. S. Phillips	70.00	James A. Jenkins	70.00
R. M. Snider	70.00	Franklin County.	
Covington County.		None.	
Geo. M. Williams	70.00	Geneva County.	
Reuben Diamond	50.00	None.	
Crenshaw County.		Greene County.	
G. D. Buckalew	50.00	N. J. Eatman	50.00
E. H. Bullard	70.00	Hale County.	
H. M. Humphries	70.00	Isaiah M. Brown	50.00
J. M. Lawrence	50.00	John C. Cook	70.00
R. G. Vernon	70.00	Henry County.	
Cullman County.		Samuel Bracken	50.00
None.		W. E. Bradley	50.00
Dale County.		Angus Harp	50.00
J. K. Powell	70.00	W. M. Hawkins	70.00
Dallas County.		Thadeus A. Kelly	70.00
W. G. Butler	70.00	David D. Melvin	50.00
J. C. Johnson	50.00	Houston County.	
Andrew J. Neil	50.00	None.	
W. F. Setzler	70.00	Jackson County.	
DeKalb County.		Jesse E. Brown	70.00
John H. McCurdy	70.00	John B. King	50.00
Elmore County.		A. L. Ryan	70.00
Mathew Deloach	50.00		
W. H. Horton	70.00		

Jefferson County.

S. W. Downey	50.00
John C. Gillespie	50.00
W. J. Keith	50.00
L. A. Martin	50.00
E. J. Robinson	50.00
F. T. Short	50.00

Lamar (formerly Sanford) County

None.

Lauderdale County.

J. J. Carr	70.00
Marquis DeLafayette Green	70.00
Jas. D. E. Hines	70.00
S. J. Mathews, Jr.	50.00
Wm. Moss	70.00
Wm F. Trousdale	50.00

Lawrence County.

Isaac F. Crow	50.00
W. C. Haney	50.00

Lee County.

Edward Patterson	50.00
J. S. Savage	50.00
Bradbury Teel	70.00
John C. Todd	50.00

Limestone County.

None.

Lowndes County.

W. J. Brockinton	70.00
T. S. Herbert	50.00
J. C. Hinson	50.00
Jackson W. Keister	70.00
H. R. Roberts	70.00
J. W. Schley	70.00
John Todd	70.00

Macon County.

James Kelly	70.00
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Madison County.

Wiley J. Carter	70.00
Geo. W. Moore	50.00
W. W. McMillan	70.00

Marengo County.

John A. Byrne	50.00
William Jolly	50.00
Simon H. Rawles	50.00
Thomas H. Tucker	50.00
Neadham Ward	50.00

Marion County.

None.

Marshall County.

P. B. Baldwin	70.00
John B. Patterson	70.00

Mobile County.

William Baxter	50.00
J. W. Denney	70.00
Patrick Diggan	70.00
Timothy Divine	70.00
W. C. Harris	70.00
W. F. James	50.00
William Johnson	70.00
J. H. Maxlaw	50.00
William Moody	50.00
Joseph M. Richardson	50.00
Edmond Shea	50.00
J. F. Summerscell	50.00
Robert F. Wallace	70.00

Monroe County.

None.

Montgomery County.		Russell County.	
J. F. T. Bradley	70.00	T. N. Ingram	50.00
Thomas J. Boyd	50.00	Uriah Jones	50.00
J. S. Forniss	50.00	George J. Turner	50.00
Thomas S. Gaines	50.00		
G. F. Heller	70.00	St. Clair County.	
Robert L. Hill	50.00	Wm. Messimore	70.00
Jos. W. Kane (Keane)	70.00	R. G. Strickland	70.00
Jas. J. King	70.00		
S. F. Latimer	50.00	Shelby County.	
Jas. C. McCullough	70.00	L. J. Carden	50.00
J. E. McDonald	50.00	M. A. Denson	70.00
Andrew L. O'Brien	50.00	James M. Dixon	50.00
P. J. Pettis	50.00	Thomas M. Gould	70.00
W. J. Porterfield	50.00	John Green	70.00
Wm. W. Spivey	50.00	J. O. Johnson	70.00
		Samuel M. Stark	50.00
Morgan County.			
None.		Sumter County.	
		Calvin Brett	70.00
Perry County.			
Richard Barton	70.00	Talladega County.	
D. M. Grady	70.00	J. E. McClung	70.00
Wm. Griffin	70.00	W. K. Pope	70.00
A. J. Horn	50.00	J. C. M. Spruell	70.00
Joseph H. Seawell	70.00	B. L. Stansell	50.00
W. C. Wyatt	70.00		
Pickens County.		Tallapoosa County.	
L. P. Baker	50.00	M. M. A. Berry	70.00
John W. Findley	50.00	Stephen R. Grimes	50.00
Wm. D. Stuckey	70.00	Hugh W. Hall	50.00
Wiley B. Wood	50.00	Stephen Johnson	50.00
		G. F. McWhorter	50.00
Pike County.		James Sheperd	70.00
Thomas M. Ballard	50.00	B. D. Vestal	70.00
James F. Baygents	70.00		
J. P. Durden	70.00	Tuscaloosa County.	
Daniel A. Mahoney	50.00	Geo. W. Brewer	50.00
S. G. Mobley	50.00	Robert S. Cox	70.00
J. W. Satcher	70.00	J. W. Franklin	50.00
John C. Sharp	70.00	James E. Morris	50.00
Edward Stroud	70.00	B. B. McDaniel	70.00
William F. Williams	70.00	John R. Scales	50.00
Randolph County			
None.			

Walker County.		Artificial limbs, 1872.	
William H. Burkett	70.00	Autauga County.	
Wilcox County.		Jefferson N. Fox	\$50.00
James E. Fore	50.00	Barbour County.	
John F. Fore	70.00	James A. Lewis	50.00
Winston County.		Butler County.	
None.		J. F. Campbell	50.00
Artificial Limbs, 1868.		Z. H. Day	50.00
Blount County.		J. M. Whitehead	70.00
James McHan	70.00	Chambers County.	
Bullock County.		Marion A. Todd	70.00
Calvin Faulk	50.00	Cherokee County.	
Clarke County.		W. H. Lawrence	50.00
M. A. Cobb	70.00	Clarke County.	
William Horn	50.00	M. A. Cobb	70.00
Clay County.		Cleburne County.	
S. W. Harlen	50.00	P. H. Groover	70.00
Sanford R. Wilkins	70.00	Coffee County.	
Coosa County.		John L. Bartlett	70.00
Joseph Butler	50.00	Lewis W. Crumpler	70.00
S. R. Grimes	70.00	Wm. M. Hawkins	70.00
Dallas County.		Colbert County.	
J. N. Dougherty	50.00	Marquis LeLafayette Green	70.00
Hale County.		Coosa County.	
John H. Mangan	50.00	J. W. E. Gullledge	50.00
Macon County.		Robert M. Snider	70.00
Thomas B. Patterson	50.00	Dale County.	
Tallapoosa County.		Simon Count	70.00
Lindsey Arant.		Marion Monk	50.00
		J. K. Powell	70.00

Dallas County.		Perry County.	
Wm. G. Butler	70.00	Dennis W. Grady	70.00
W. P. Nealer	50.00	J. O. Johnston	50.00
Andrew J. Neil	50.00	C. L. Wooley	70.00
Elmore County.		Pike County.	
Wm. H. Horton	70.00	J. F. Baygents	70.00
D. B. Vestal	70.00	Enoch Renfroe	50.00
Etowah County.		Russell County.	
Dennis Kelley	50.00	J. W. Dewberry	50.00
Jackson County.		St. Clair County.	
Wm. H. Robinson	50.00	E. J. Robinson	50.00
Jefferson County.		Shelby County.	
S. W. Downey	50.00	Stephen H. Hand	70.00
John H. Hammond	50.00	Tallapoosa County.	
Taylor Short	50.00	Stephen R. Grimes	70.00
Lamar (formerly Sanford) County.		Tuscaloosa County.	
Jas. E. Pennington	50.00	David Tibbs (Tubbs)	70.00
Lauderdale County.		Wilcox County.	
Wm. F. Trousdale	50.00	John F. Fore	50.00
Lawrence County.		ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, 1873.	
M. A. Messenheimer	70.00	Bullock County.	
Lee County.		Wm. E. McCarty	\$ 50.00
Geo. H. Hellier	70.00	Butler County.	
Edward Patterson	50.00	C. J. Armstrong	70.00
Mobile County.		J. A. Hicks	70.00
Edward Shea	50.00	Geo. S. Jackson	50.00
Montgomery County.		William Rogers	70.00
R. S. Cox	70.00	Jas. B. Stephens	70.00
Wm. Dunlap	70.00	Calhoun County.	
Joel H. Duncan	70.00	W. H. Manguin	50.00
Benj. F. Marsh	50.00	Hugh A. Talbert	50.00
John Th. McClosky	50.00	Chilton (formerly Baker) County.	
W. W. Spivey	70.00	G. S. Eiland	50.00
H. J. D. Tanton	50.00	W. A. Gray	70.00
Chas. H. Wilson	70.00		

Choctaw County.		Jefferson County.	
J. W. Hurst	70.00	James M. Dickerson	70.00
Clebourne County.		Lawrence County.	
Lewis Coffee	70.00	John B. Kidd	70.00
Coffee County		Lee County.	
Daniel Gillis	50.00	J. C. Todd	50.00
S. F. Latimer	50.00		
John Shaw	50.00	Macon County.	
Conecuh County.		John T. Fern	50.00
John G. Guice	70.00	Marion County	
Coosa County		T. F. Bennett	70.00
Job Butler	50.00	W. U. Rooker	70.00
Thos. P. Crawford	70.00	Mobile County.	
Covington County.		William F. James	70.00
Reuben Diamond	50.00	Edw. G. Roberts	70.00
E. H. Robinson	70.00	E. G. Roberts	70.00
J. M. Williamson	70.00	Monroe County.	
Crenshaw County.		J. E. Fore	50.00
J. J. Pate	70.00	Montgomery County.	
Dale County.		C. M. Eden	70.00
William Loyd	70.00	W. O. Harrell	70.00
Elmore County.		R. L. Hill	50.00
W. E. Shelton	70.00	William Jones	70.00
Escambia County.		J. B. Long	70.00
Robert F. Wallace	70.00	Jas. C. McCullough	70.00
Hale County.		F. H. Starr	70.00
Andrew Jackson Horn	70.00	F. M. Starr	70.00
Henry County.		J. M. Sexton	70.00
Samuel Hodges	50.00	N. E. Wells	70.00
		Pickens County.	
		Ed. Benton	50.00
		Calvin Faulk	50.00
		J. C. Shappe	70.00
		W. F. Williams	70.00
		Randolph County.	
		J. W. Stallings	70.00

Russell County.		Bibb County.	
T. N. Ingram	\$ 50.00	Wm. Griffin	50.00
Uriah Jones	50.00	L. H. Kinnard	50.00
William Williams	50.00	A. W. Strickland	50.00
Talladega County.		Butler County.	
Stephen Johnson	50.00	Jas. F. Campbell	50.00
Shelby County.		Zachariah H. Day	50.00
Marcus A. Denson	70.00	W. J. Porterfield	50.00
David Fulton	50.00	Samuel B. Stevens	70.00
John Green	70.00	Jas. M. Whitehead	70.00
Tallapoosa County.		Cherokee County.	
G. F. McWhorter	50.00	Wm. H. Lawrence	50.00
James A. Shepard	70.00	Joe M. Reed	50.00
Tuscaloosa County.		Clay County.	
R. S. Cox	50.00	Jas. W. Hollingsworth	70.00
Wilcox County.		Coffee County.	
J. F. Fore	50.00	John L. Bartlett	70.00
Joe Portis (negro)	70.00	Simson Counts	70.00
E. Rentz	50.00	Daniel Gillis	50.00
1874		W. M. Hawkins	70.00
Dale County.		S. F. Latimer	50.00
Simon Counts	70.00	Wm. Mock	70.00
Geneva County.		W. R. Mock	50.00
S. Wynner	50.00	Chas. Taunton	70.00
Tuscaloosa County.		Colbert County.	
B. B. McDaniel	70.00	Thomas B. Thomasson	50.00
A. C. Benton	50.00	Coosa County.	
1875.		John W. Howard	50.00
Autauga County.		Crenshaw County.	
Jefferson N. Fox	\$ 50.00	H. M. Humphries	70.00
		Dale County.	
		Wm. Lloyd	70.00
		Marion Monk	50.00
		Alexander Sykes	50.00

Dallas County.		Pickens County.	
Andrew J. Neil	50.00	J. W. Findley	50.00
Elmore County.		Pike County.	
M. H. Taylor	50.00	T. W. Ballard	50.00
		W. L. Wilson	50.00
Etowah County.		Randolph County.	
J. W. Hill	70.00	F. J. East	70.00
		J. W. Stallings	70.00
Jefferson County.		Russell County.	
John C. Gillespie	50.00	Jas. W. Dewberry	50.00
Lamar (formerly Sanford) County			
Jas. E. Pennington	50.00		
Lauderdale County.		Tallapoosa Cuntty.	
W. F. Trousdale	50.00	Chas. M. Eaton	70.00
		Stephen R. Grimes	70.00
		John H. Story	70.00
Lee County.		Tuscaloosa County.	
G. H. Hellier	70.00	R. S. Cox	70.00
Limestone County.		Walker County.	
Geo. W. Moore	50.00	W. H. Burkett	70.00
Lowndes County.		1876.	
J. L. Hinson	50.00		
Jackson W. Keister	70.00		
Mobile County.		Barbour County.	
Edw. Shea	50.00	J. A. Lewis	\$ 50.00
		John J. Lyons	100.00
Montgomery County.		(both legs)	
J. S. Forniss	50.00	John W. Tullis	50.00
Clay Hall	50.00	John Shaw	50.00
Robert L. Hill	50.00		
Jas. J. Kane	70.00	Coffee County.	
A. L. O'Brien	50.00	J. L. Bartlett	70.00
W. W. Spivey	70.00	L. W. Campbell	70.00
		S. Counts	70.00
Perry County.		W. M. Hawkins	70.00
J. C. Johnston	50.00	S. F. Latimer	50.00
C. L. Wooley	70.00	W. R. Mock	70.00
		Chas. Tanton	70.00

Conecuh County.		Pike County.	
Alfred H. Floyd	70.00	S. Winer	50.00
		W. F. Williams	50.00
Coosa County		Randolph County.	
Geo. W. Davis	50.00	J. F. East	70.00
		J. W. Stallings	70.00
Crenshaw County.		St. Clair	
Joshua J. Pate	70.00	E. J. Robinson	50.00
Dale County.		Wilcox County.	
J. K. Powell	70.00	E. O. Rentz	50.00
Dallas County.		1877 and 1878	
W. S. Boyd	50.00	Perry County.	
W. K. Butler	70.00	Samuel Tubb	\$ 50.00
Wm. P. Mealer	50.00	St. Clair County.	
Elmore County.		John C. Clay	50.00
M. H. Taylor	70.00	1878.	
Hale County.		Clarke County.	
Jas. M. Jack	50.00	William Horn	50.00
Lawrence County.		Colbert County.	
J. B. Kidd	50.00	Marquis DeLafayette Green	70.00
Lowndes County.		Coosa County.	
W. J. Brockenton	70.00	Wm. F. Glenn	50.00
J. W. Keister	70.00	Montgomery County.	
Mobile County.		J. L. Hinson	50.00
Wm. F. James	50.00	Wilcox County.	
Edmund Shea	50.00	W. H. Watson	50.00
John F. Summersell	50.00	G. W. Sessions	50.00
Geo. H. Taylor	50.00		
Montgomery County.			
J. S. Forniss	50.00		
E. G. Fowler	50.00		
James W. Hollingsworth ..	70.00		
A. L. O'Brien	50.00		

1879.

Owing to the fact that the act making the appropriation for aiding maimed soldiers for this year was changed from always giving an artificial limb to either a limb or cash and in the majority of cases, the amount allowed is not shown, no attempt is made to show what each individual received.

Autauga County.

Jefferson N. Fox,

Barbour County.

W. D. Hulin,
Thos. M. Kennedy,
M. A. Martin,
D. D. McDonald,
E. Priest,
J. Sauls,
Kilby T. Spence,
Wm. A. Stewart.

Bibb County.

L. H. Kinnard,
N. C. Lagrone.

Blount County.

Jesse M. Hayden.

Bullock County.

A. J. Lane,
J. A. Lewis,
J. W. Satcher,
A. B. Strickland.

Butler County.

James W. Langford,
B. R. Rhodes,
William Rogers.

Calhoun County.

B. F. Garvin,
F. M. Haywood,
W. H. Manquin,
Asbury Turquette,
R. C. Usry.

Chambers County.

Miles Gillhooley,
Julian Higgins,
M. A. Todd.

Cherokee County.

J. W. Ferguson,
Thos. J. Wilder.

Chilton (formerly Baker) County.

H. M. Barrow,
Jas. A. Dudley.

Clarke County.

W. A. Burge.

Clay County.

John D. Baker,
J. N. Hollingsworth,
Joel F. McCreight,
B. L. Stansell,
S. R. Wilkins,
Robt. J. Wood.

Clebourne County.

P. H. Groover.

Colbert County.

Marquis DeFafayette Green,
J. P. Guy,
T. B. Thomasson.

Conecuh County.

John H. Guice.

Coosa County.

J. W. E. Gulledge.

Covington County.

David Batson.

Crenshaw County.

J. M. Lawrence,
Hiram R. Roberts.

Cullman County.

W. S. Oslin,
J. D. Small.

Dale County.

L. R. Bagwell,
Alexander Sikes.

Dallas County.

M. L. Bowie,
W. G. Butler,
Wm. B. Upton.

DeKalb County.

John A. McCurdy.

Elmore County.

M. Lambert,
John W. Howard.

Hale County.

J. M. Jack,
J. C. Cook,
J. E. Wilson.

Henry County.

Samuel Bracken,
W. E. Bradley,
John S. Budd,
Wm. Matthews.

Jackson County.

D. H. Moody,
Joseph Raines,
Geo. M. Saunders.

Jefferson County.

Jno. N. Baker,
R. T. Hodges,
Geo. W. Moore,
McDaniel Vines.

Lauderdale County.

James L. Davidson,
J. E. Hines,
W. H. Trousdale.

Lowndes County.

A. M. Lackey.

Lee County.

Edw. Patterson.

Limestone County.

Geo. W. Moore.

Lownds County.

J. S. Ruff.

Macon County.

J. F. Feum,
Jas. P. Kelly.

Madison County.

Steven H. Walker.

Marengo County.

Needham Ward.

Marshall County.

John B. Patterson.

Mobile County.

Wm. Baxter,
Caleb L. Mryant,
John Canny,
B. F. Jackson,
Wm. F. James,
Harvey E. Jones,
A. J. LeFerve,
Thos. H. Macon,
E. Marshall,
Elisha L. Palmer,
Edw. J. Roberts,
Edmund Shea,
John F. Summersell.

Monroe County.

J. E. Force,
Robt. F. Wallace.

Montgomery County.

T. S. Herbert,
Jno. W. Jones,
J. C. McCullough.

Morgan County.

C. C. Nesmith,
Cullen Wilson.

Perry County.

F. M. Goff,
D. W. Grady.

Pickens County.

J. W. Findley.

Pike County.

Jas. P. Nall,
William F. Williams.

Randolph County.

Thos. J. East,
Moses K. Hollis.

Russell County.

Thos. M. Ingram,
Uriah Jones,
J. H. Stringfellow,
G. J. Turner.

St. Clair County.

Zachariah P. Abrams,
William Jones,
Wm. Messimore,
R. G. Strickland,
J. F. Wyatt.

Shelby County.

L. J. Carden,
John Green.

Sumter County.

E. C. Eason,
Calvin Brett.

Talladega County.

John F. McClung.

Tallapoosa County.

Lindsey Arant,
Thos. B. Patterson,
James A. Sheperd.

Tuscaloosa County.

Jolly Jones,
B. B. McDaniel,

Walker County.

Wm. H. Burkett,

Washington County.

R. L. Bowling.

Wilcox County.

J. F. Fore,
E. P. Rentz.

Recapitulation, showing the number of artificial limbs furnished in each of the counties for the years 1867 to 1879, both inclusive.

County.	1867,	'68,	'69,	'70,	'71,	'72,	'73,	'74,	'75,	'76,	'77,	'78,	'79.	Tot.
Autauga	4					1			1				1	7
Baldwin	1													1
Barbour	7					1				5			8	21
Bibb	4								3				2	9
Blount	5	1											1	7
Bullock	6	1					1						4	12
Butler	8					3	5		5				3	24
Calhoun	6						2						5	13
Chambers	3					1							3	7
Cherokee	3					1			2				2	8
Chilton							2						1	3
Choctaw	3						1						4	8
Clarke	2	2				1						1	1	7
Clay	6	2							1				6	15
Clebourne						1	1						1	3
Coffee						3	3		8	7				21
Colbert	1					1			1			1	3	7
Conecuh	4						1			1			1	7
Coosa	6	2				2	2		1	1		1	1	16
Covington	2						3						1	6
Crenshaw	5						1		1	1			2	10
Cullman													1	1
Dallas	4	1				3			1	3			2	14
Dale	1					3	1	1	3	1			2	12
DeKalb	1												1	2
Elmore	6					2	1		1	2			2	14
Escambia							1							1
Etowah	2					1			1					4
Fayette	1													1
Franklin														
Geneva								1						1
Greene	1													
Hale	2	1					1			1			3	8
Henry	6						1						4	11
Houston														
Jackson	3					1							3	7
Jefferson	6					3	1						4	15
Lamar						1			1					2
Lauderdale	6					1			1				3	11
Lawrence	2					1	1			1			1	6
Lee	4					2	1		1				1	9
Limestone									1				1	2
Lowndes	7								2	2			1	12

County.	1867,	'68,	'69,	'70,	'71,	'72,	'73,	'74,	'75,	'76,	'77,	'78,	'79,	Tot.
Macon	1	1					1						2	5
Madison	3												1	4
Marengo	5												1	6
Marion							2							2
Marshall	2												1	3
Mobile	13					1	3		1	4			13	35
Monroe							1						2	3
Montgomery	15					8	10		6	4		1	3	47
Morgan													2	2
Perry	6					3			2			1	2	14
Pickens	4						3		1				1	9
Pike	9					2	4		2	2			2	21
Randolph							1		2	2			2	7
Russell	5					1	3		1				3	10
St. Clair	2					1				1	1		5	10
Shelby	7					1	3						2	13
Sumter	1												2	3
Talladega	4						1						1	6
Tallapoosa	7	1				1	2		3				3	17
Tuscaloosa	6					1	1	2	1				2	13
Walker	1								1				1	3
Washington													1	1
Wilcox	2					1	3		1	1		2	2	12
Winston														
	218	12				53	68	4	56	39	1	7	133	591

An act of the Legislature of Feb. 1877, appropriated the sum of \$5,000.00 for the supplying of artificial arms only. If the arm had been amputated so that no artificial one could be worn, the sum of \$75.00 in cash in lieu thereof was to be paid. The following is a list by counties of those shown to have received arms.

Bullock County.

E. Troup Randle.

Cherokee County.

L. L. Cochran.

Clarke County.

W. H. Duke.

Clay County.

Isaiah F. Cole.

Coosa County.

Wm. F. Glenn.

DeKalb County.

Nathaniel G. Johnson.

Hale County.

Wm. G. Britton.

Mobile County.

Henry Flinn.

Perry County.

Jesse B. Shivers.

Pickens County.

L. D. Elrod.
J. W. Yeatman.

Sumter County.

John B. McClellan.

Talladega County.

Wm. H. Malone.

Tallapoosa County.

Sledge M. Robertson.

Tuscaloosa County.

Richard J. Barbour,
Mark Brooks,
Patrick Taff,
John M. Thomas,
W. H. Wilds.

Wilcox County.

S. I. Hill.

A WAR TIME FOUNDRY

A Story of a Confederate Foundry at the present Anniston

By Kate Quintard Noble Roberts*

My Grandfather, James Noble, left England in 1837 and settled first in Pennsylvania, but wearying of the unfriendly climate, he became enamoured of the Sunny South, and with his family, made his home in Rome, Georgia, in 1854.

In partnership with his sons, he set up the first foundry for building machinery and big engines in that section of the country, the only others being blacksmith shops for repairing plows, shoeing horses, etc.

In 1857 they constructed the *Alfred Shorter*, the first locomotive built south of the Mason and Dixon line.

When South Carolina seceded, they realized that war was inevitable and began to prepare for it. My Father and Grandfather were both fine mineralogists, and began looking for, and testing the iron ores. They found the ore they wanted, of just the right toughness in Cherokee County, Alabama, and bought a tract of land, which the owners were glad to dispose of—as it would grow neither corn, cotton nor wheat.

When the Confederate Government was organized and Jefferson Davis elected President, Noble Bros. were ordered to turn their shops to making of Ordnance. When Grandfather went to Montgomery to confer with President Davis about contracts for Ordnance, Davis instructed him not to let any of his sons enlist, saying he would get plenty of men to fight, but few who could make ordnance. If they disobeyed, he would have them taken out of the army and sent back to the works. Their product was mounted batteries of brass and iron howitzes on their caissons, tested and sent ready for battle.

There were no railways, no roads to the mines which had to be opened, no furnace to make the iron—*all that* had to be done.

*Mrs. E. E. G. Roberts, of Anniston, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Noble, co-founder of the town of Anniston.

AN INTERESTING WAR TIME FOUNDRY

They built their furnaces on the Chattago River which flows into the Coosa at this point, making a horseshoe curve. A canal was dug across it, the furnace and a large flour mill built at one end and a small sawmill at the other. A tunnell was dug under a hill and the furnace run by water power.

The canal was dug by farmers, tenant farmers; enlisted men having permits from the Government, and they were glad to work there, as they could look after their families and not be drafted, being already in the service. There was an army of workers, miners, colliers, canal diggers, farmers, teamsters, horses, mules, and wagons, all assembled at Cornwall,—the furnace named for Grandfather's native country in England, and all having to be looked after.

The ore was hauled on wagons to the furnace where it was beaten with heavy hammers until small enough to be melted in the furnace. The negroes, both men and women, sat on the ground, breaking the ore and singing continuously. At night they had revivals, got religion, and sang until mid-night. The only other furnace near was a small one making only a ton a day.

When the pigs were run, they were hauled to Cedar Bluff, (the furnace was between Cedar Bluff and Gaylesville) and shipped to Rome by steamboat. There were two of these, the Cherokee and the Alfaretta, Noble Brothers being the principal stockholders. The foundries were on the bank of the river in Rome, near its junction with the Oostanaula to form the Coosa.

The iron being very tough, made fine guns. It was delivered there, cast into cannon, mounted on their carriages, and sent to their destination. When you realize that it had to be made from the ore with no crushers, limestone, etc., the most crude and primitive makeshifts, transportation by ox and mule teams over long and bad roads, the rapidity with which they were made and shipped was marvelous, and there is no record of a gun bursting.

AN INTERESTING WAR TIME FOUNDRY

Gen. Gorgas was chief of Ordnance and came often to Rome to test the cannon, and as there was no hotel, he stayed at my Grandfather's home, and one of the rooms was called Gen. Gorgas' room.

I have spoken of the iron batteries. The shops also made many brass howitzers. The shopyards were a wonderful sight with loads of stills and their worms from fifty to hundreds of gallons, bells from churches, brass and iron fenders, candlesticks and other heir looms given cheerfully by the farmers. Then every farmer and his still was a matter of course, and his peach and apple orchard. There was no San Jose scale or apis or borers, and he made his own peach and apple brandy, drank what he made and treated his friends and neighbors.

Drawings of a machine to make bullets were sent by the Tredegar Iron Works of Richmond, Va., to a firm in New Orleans. There was something wrong with the drawing, and Tredegar could not make it work. They sent drawing to Noble Brothers. Uncle John found the flaw, corrected it, made the machine and the machine made bullets. Uncle Jim made a rifle for the guns which the firm used. He afterwards tried to get a patent for it, but there was so much delay and so many calls *for more money that he became disgusted and let it go.*

In June 1864 Gen. Frank Blair's 17th Army Corps came down like a wolf on the fold. They burned the furnace, cut the cloth from the looms, took all the pillow cases to carry off the hams and poultry, all the men's underwear, milk from the dairy,—even the fish just cleaned for supper. There were gates to the canal to turn the water off and on, and sometimes the canal was drained and all were allowed as much fish as they wanted. The Federal Forces blew up the tunnel through which the river ran the furnace, destroyed the furnace, gathered together all the wagons and carts, stacked them against the stable and set fire to the whole thing. The horses and mules they took with them though some had been run off and hidden. However, when Sherman marched to the sea, he got what was left.

Uncle Stephen, then a boy of sixteen, ran the steamboat below the shoals near Guntersville and they could not get it.—that is, the Federals, but Uncle Stephen afterwards did.

My Father had been captured before this when, in Tennessee hunting supplies for his workmen. He managed to communicate with our Uncle in Pennsylvania and obtained his release. When Rome was occupied by the Federal troops in October 1864, he came back, but the foundries were burned to the ground. The house was saved by having several officers quartered there, who were regaled by the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "The Homespun Dress" and my five rebel Aunts. The troops stayed in Rome about six months, and took my father and grandfather with them when they left.

With everything burned to the ground and desolation all around—in seven years the foundries were rebuilt, their product known all over the country, and Noble Brothers had built the Rome Waterworks and were making the engines for the furnace that was the beginning of Anniston.

The following is from a newspaper printed in 1927:

**"OLD IRON FURNACE NEAR GADSDEN—THAT AIDED
CONFEDERACY—DOOMED"**

Gadsden, Ala., Jan. 17th, 1927: 'Modern industry in the shape of the Eureka Foundry in Gadsden has just accomplished what the fiercest civil war in history and 75 years of time failed to do, by completely dismantling and demolishing the old *Round Mountain Furnace* at Round Mountain, in Cherokee County. Every scrap of iron left about the old plant is being put on board cars and shipped to this City, where it will be melted into all sorts of commercial castings.

'The Round Mountain Furnace was built more than 75 years ago. Some say it is 100 years old. At any rate it is one of the

oldest in the country—or was one of the oldest, for it is being wiped out completely. In the sixties its destruction was greatly desired by the Federal army because it was furnishing the iron from which the Noble Bros. Iron Works at Rome, Ga., was making canons for the Confederate Army. The iron was hauled by wagon to the river at Round Mountain and was delivered to Rome by steamboat. It was weighed on the furnace yard by a specially built grasshopper scale, similar to those used in weighing cotton then and now.

“General Straight, the Federal raider, was sent into this part of the country with a picked army to destroy the furnace at Round Mountain, and the Noble foundry at Rome. He succeeded in partially burning the furnace, but was captured by Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest at the gate of Rome.

“The old stack was rebuilt immediately and was operated until something like 25 or 30 years ago. It had the reputation of making the finest car wheel iron in America. The great Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia used it for tender wheels, and for pony wheels on locomotives. It is tough and presented a hard wearing surface.

CHARGED WITH CHARCOAL

“The Eureka Foundry Company of which Even J. Owen is proprietor recently purchased the old plant and its 40-acre tract. The stack was built at the foot of the mountain and wagons loaded with ore drove to the top of the mountain and dumped their load into the stack. It was charged with charcoal and ore in that way from the day it started—until it was abandoned.

“Mr. Owen said Monday that while knocking around the old wreck he came across a brass plate on which were the words. “Noble Iron Works, Rome, Ga.” This plate was on the blowing engine which was built by the Noble Brothers. They also built the engines and all other machinery for the Etna, the Cornwall and the Rock Run Furnaces.”

SAMUEL NOBLE

A Sketch by His Daughter, Mrs. Kate Q. Roberts*

Samuel Noble, pioneer of the iron industry in the South and prophet of steel was born in Cornwall, England, in 1834. When he was nearly three years old, his father left England and settled in Reading, Pennsylvania.

In 1854 the Noble family decided to make their home in the South, and came to Rome, Ga. They built the first foundry and machine shops in that section, the firm consisting of James Noble, and his three elder sons: John, Samuel, and William. In 1857 the Noble Brothers built the "Alfred Shorter", the first locomotive built south of the Mason and Dixon line and the blowing engines for Etna, Stonewall, Round Mountain, and other furnaces were all built by them.

During the war between the States they made the ordnance for the Confederate army (cannon-iron and brass) with their caissons, until their furnaces and foundries were burned by the Federal forces. While keeping ahead of a Yankee raiding party on his way to Rome, Ga., with his friend, Bishop Quintard, he came upon the ruins of the old Oxford furnace burned some time before by the Federals. As he gazed over the peaceful valley he said: "This is where I shall build my city." And by the power of his energy and the force of his ideals his dream has been fulfilled.

He managed to obtain the property, and while travelling for the firm of Noble Brothers, he met in Charleston, General Daniel Tyler, who was much interested in the development of iron properties in the South. A partnership was formed, consisting of Noble Brothers and Gen. Tyler and sons, and the Woodstock

*This sketch of Mr. Noble, and incidentally of his connection with the iron foundries which he operated prior to coming to Alabama and which will form a part of the industrial history of Anniston, is given in connection with Mrs. Roberts' paper on the Confederate foundry, as a further contribution of the family to the life of that section of northeast Alabama.

Iron Company organized. There were about three farm houses on the property—everything had to be built from the ground up.

In 1872 James Noble went to England and brought back skilled workmen, carpenters, stonemasons, men to roast the ores and others. The charcoal burners were brought from Sweden.

In 1873 the first Woodstock furnace went into blast with blowing engines made by Noble Brothers, and the farming valley became a scene of activity. Houses for the workmen around the furnaces and in the coalings a large flour and grist mill, a larger brick store, and other buildings were constructed, and the rattle of wagons and the clang of the furnace, the smoke of the roasting ore took the place of lowing cattle and the furrows of the plow.

Bill Arp in his tribute to Samuel Noble in the Atlanta Constitution said: "I remember when the great iron eclipse of 1873 came over our infant industries and crushed them, Etna, Stonewall, Round Mountain, Bart, Ridge Valley and many others surrendered; and some were sold out by the sheriff, and some were never resumed, but the fires of Woodstock never went out. By day and by night the molten mass continued to roll from her furnace, every train carried her charcoal iron into Northern markets."

Iron had fallen from \$40 to \$18 a ton, and the wonder was how Woodstock could survive the shock. Sam Noble saw the impending crash and at once shipped by express several parcels of their iron to different points up North. Arriving at Springfield, Mass., he went into the Government Armory with a piece of charcoal pigiron under his arm. He laid it down by the rip-hammer and said: "My friend, I am one of the craft, I am working iron—now I want you to try this sample." The man did so willingly. When it came to a white heat he put it under the steam hammer and crushed it into form, and welded and hammered it, and after careful, patient inspection he said: "This is the best iron I ever handled, where was it made?" Mr. Noble told him and said: "My friend, I wish to make a customer of

this armory, will you help? "The man called up the superintendent and had him inspect the iron; and the result was a new customer at a living price. And so he followed up the other samples and made more customers. He knew no such word as fail. He was inventive in resources and aggressive in executing all his all his plans and schemes; and while the depression gripped the country the Woodstock Iron Company determined to hold on for the sake of its employees, and the iron continued to pile up in the yard and they borrowed on it at 12% and issued script to the employees which was equal in value to the U. S. Government, and was accepted throughout the surrounding county at its face value.

When the question of a Post Office came up, it was found that Alabama had a Woodstock, so the name of the town was changed to Anniston (Annie's Town) in deference to Mrs. Alfred L. Tyler, but the name of the Woodstock Iron Company was unchanged.

Mr. Noble knew every phase of the industry and was observant of the slightest detail. He had been known to stop an ore wagon in the street and make the driver change his harness so the load weighed less heavily on the animals.

He was ever looking out for the welfare of his workmen, urged them to have homes of their own, and gave them special terms. One of the old darkies said to me a few years ago: "If I's listened to Mr. Noble, I's a benn well off now."

In 1876 Woodstock Iron was used in the great Corliss engine of the Philadelphia Centennial, and I have been told that in the great San Francisco earthquake, Woodstock iron stood the test. In 1879 Woodstock iron had reached such a point that a second furnace was blown in. In 1878, also, Mr. Noble, alive to the devastating of our forests, while in Europe visited Austria, and was shown every phase of the replanting of forests by Prince Schwartzenberg, who was a great factor in its working in that country. He brought home some seeds of Austrian pine, but I do not think they grew. In 1881 he planted the Noble Avenues of

water oaks that adorn our city. Many of them have been sacrificed, but enough remain to remind me of the hundreds that once beautified the streets. He also studied iron furnaces both in Austria and in England. In 1881 a waterworks was built, in accordance with his plans; the stand pipe being on the hill by Hillside Cemetery.

There were already macademized streets, and from an old paper I quote: "Samuel Noble took long strides when he introduced electric lights into the streets of Anniston. The writer remembers passing through the place when it was in its infancy, and recalls the astonishment of his fellow-passengers when we stopped in the glare of the electric light. No town south of Baltimore was illuminated."

In 1881 he bought the Alabama furnace at Jenifer, abolishing convict labor—and formed a company of which he was president. Later the Clifton Iron furnaces at Ironaton—built by and under the management of Mr. Stephen Noble—paid fine dividends for many years. The Anniston Inn which was one of the earliest of its kind, and well known all over the country, was a product of his foresight. In its halls were entertained men of note from many states, and it was a popular resort for youth and beauty. It was designed by Stanford White—and was destroyed by fire in 1923.

He was a prophet of steel and in 1886 wrote a prominent paper:

"I have for a long time believed it feasible to make seamless steel pipes, and have been looking forward to the perfection of a patent that would make steel pipe cheaper than cast iron. I believe the day will come when steel will take the place of iron in the manufacture of stoves; that the plates will be rolled thin and stamped by hydraulic pressure instead of using cast iron. The whole age is tending to steel which can now be developed so cheaply."

He was interested in all good works. As one of the members of the original Woodstock Iron Company, he conceived and helped to build Grace Church, which was consecrated in 1885. Later he built and gave to Grace Church the Noble Institute for Girls—in the same block—and also a school for boys. When Grace Church found itself—unable to keep up the school for boys it was leased to the city and finally destroyed by fire.

His workmen knew him as one who helped and encouraged them, but expected the very best work from them. Of his benefactions he never spoke, but many struggling young men owed their start in life to him.

He wished only steady growth for Anniston and opposed the “booms” that arose throughout the Country, and persistently refused to allow his name to be used in any such.

He kept open house, and not many days passed without guests—Pig Iron Kelly, Bill Arp, Henry W. Grady, our dear old Bishop Wilmer, Bishop Quintard were often there and scores of prominent men and women were welcome guests while many friends in the town met at social gatherings at the home.

For many years he was a familiar figure in the country side on Billy, his special mount and he rode through the mountains and valleys from Cedartown through all the surrounding counties; and all through Clay and Talladega counties he drove for miles with his two hardy French ponies and cart, inspecting ore lands and woodlands.

His sixteen years of hard work had changed the fields into a busy city and made Woodstock Iron Company a three million dollar corporation, with two charcoal furnaces, two coke furnaces nearing completion, owning a railroad extending from Gadsden to Sylacauga, also many acres of coal ore and woodland, with thousands of operatives. He was also an important stock holder in many other enterprises and interested in everything that came to Anniston. On August 10th, 1888, he was occupied in arranging an exhibit of Anniston products in the freight car, “Alabama On

Wheels" that was to tour the country. He was alone in the car—when for some reason—it was shunted to Oxford three and a half miles away. Instead of waiting for his carriage he walked back to Anniston through the noonday sun, stopped at a drugstore and drank a glass of iced milk. He ate a hearty dinner and that afternoon was seized with an attack of acute indigestion which caused heart failure. On the 13th of August he passed away, a martyr to his zeal for the city he had founded.

Telegrams came from all parts of the country. and from the Anniston, Talledega, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Baltimore, Montgomery, Selma, Charleston and other papers came tributes bearing on his loss, not only to Anniston but to the whole South.

The Charcoal Iron Workers Association, of which he was president, paid tribute also to him and placed on the frontis piece of their Journal a photograph of Mr. Noble which they were able to do by courtesy of the Iron Age. This latter paper had also a long article deploring his loss. On announcement of his death, bells tolled all over the city and every business house and industry was draped in mourning. Also railway engines entering the city. All the business houses closed

AN ACCOUNT OF THE OCCUPATION OF FORT HUDSON, LA.

By Crawford M. Jackson*

It was in the month of May, 1863, on the 24th day, when Port Hudson, La., situated on the high bluff of the "father of waters," twenty-five miles above Baton Rouge, was invested by the Federal army commanded by Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks. Maj. Gen. Frank Gardner, was in command of the Confederate forces, consisting of Beal's Brigade, Miles' Legion, the regiments of Col.'s Steadman, Johnston and Shelly, and a battalion of Louisiana Artillery, amounting to nearly six thousand men.

Some weeks previously, Admiral Farragut, in command of the U. S. Naval fleet on the lower Mississippi, had succeeded in passing the river batteries with the Hartford and Albatross, the other vessels of his fleet being driven back with the loss of the Mississippi, which was set on fire by the Confederate batteries and burnt after running aground on the opposite bank of the river.

The Federals devoted the first day of their arrival to making reconnaissances by driving in our pickets, and then began a series of attacks against our lines which consisted of a line of earthworks beginning on Sandy Creek and extending four miles until they struck the Mississippi river. Gen. Gardner not having a sufficient force to occupy such a long line, issued an order at the beginning of the siege for the troops to be deployed as skirmishers at the breastworks, and when they saw by the maneuvers of the enemy, that he intended to make an attack on one of two positions of our line, for the men on each side of the threatened point, by a given signal, to be rallied to that place which left during the attacks on our line a large portion of it undefended, but in no

*Mr. Jackson, who resided at Coosada, a few miles north of Montgomery, served in the Confederate Army, first as 3rd Sergeant of the Montgomery Independent Rifles. This outfit was some time Company D, of the 6th Alabama Infantry. Later Mr. Crawford was a member of the 56th Alabama Cavalry Regiment.

instance did the Federals take advantage of it. From the time the Federals arrived before Port Hudson until the place with its brave defenders was surrendered, there was continual firing between the land batteries, skirmishers and fleet, but on the 13th day of June, 1863, Gen. Banks, in the name of humanity, and to avoid the spilling of blood, addressed Gen. Gardner a communication, demanding the surrender of the place and his army, in which he was so kind and considerate as to notify him that to push the contest to extremities might place the protection of life beyond the control of the commanders of the respective forces, and that he would not be responsible for the consequences if they succeeded in capturing them. Gen. Gardner was seated at an open window of his office when the communication was handed him. When he opened it and began its reading a smile began to play over his features.

“Ah, gentlemen!” he said, and he broke out in a fit of laughter and began to pull his beard with both hands: “What do you think? Why Banks has notified me that to avoid unnecessary slaughter he demands the immediate surrender of my forces! Lanier and Jackson, mount your horses and notify Gen. Beal, Col.’s Steadman, Col. La Miles and other field officers to have their men ready and in order to repel the enemy.” While he directed an answer to be forwarded to Gen. Banks, informing him that his duty required him to defend the place, not to surrender it. This occurred about an hour before sunset, and from that time until the next morning the mortar boats kept up an incessant bombardment. The next day the sun rose beautiful and bright. Gen. Gardner came out of his room pulling his whiskers and wondering what Banks was doing, when the booming of a Parrott from our extreme left announced that a battle had begun. Then there was “Hurring to and fro, and mounting in hot haste;” then came the roar of the artillery and the rattle of musketry, both from the land forces and the fleet. Division after division was hurled against our lines, only to be driven back by the brave Mississippians, Louisianians, Alabamians and Arkansians, while our batteries on the high bluff pelted the Federal fleet

(which had advanced up the river as if to pass) and drove it back behind a cover of bluffs and timber at the bend of the river. After four or five hours of hard fighting, during which many brave men and officers were killed, our mill wrecked, and our corn destroyed, the firing gradually ceased, and the enemy withdrew under the cover of their earthworks, which was the last charge made upon our works during the investment.

Banks, believing it would be impossible to capture our works by assault, concluded to try the virtue of the spade and shovel. The men worked day and night, while the gunboats and land batteries kept up a continual firing, more for the purpose it seems of breaking our repose than anything else. At times at night as many as a dozen shells, 13 inch mortars could be seen at one sight travelling through the air like comets, then explode and shatter to pieces in search of some poor half starved "reb." to send to another world.

A few days after, a brigade of negro troops, supported by 2000 white troupes, was thrown across Thompson's creek to attack us in the rear, which was the first time negro troops were used against us in the war. Col. Sheley, with 500 riflemen posted on the high bluffs, assisted by the river batteries, drove them back with terrible loss, and from that time we were not molested from that quarter. I can never forget the heroic deeds of the brave men who fought them. With no shoes, bareheaded, a ragged shirt or jacket, pants in patches, and nothing to eat except sugar, weevilly peas, mule meat and rats, they lay at their post, unprotected from the rays of a June and July sun, and did their duty with honor. Many a time did I see a scuffle and a fight between the veterans for the possession of a rat, and days before we surrendered all that was seen on Gen. Gardner's table was a few broiled rats, sugar and weevilly peas. Such was our only fare for two weeks, but our brave old General was hopeful. He believed that General Johnston would come to his relief, as he had sent couriers to him notifying him of the condition of his command. Many of our brave men were now being stricken down with malarial fever, and at the time we surrendered at least 1000 were on the sick list. Still General Gardner was hopeful

until a courier from Gen. Johnston arrived with orders for him to cut his way out or cross the Mississippi river and join Gen. Dick Taylor. A council of war was summoned and the orders laid before it, and every member was of the opinion that to obey or comply with the order, surrounded by land force of 40,000 men and a fleet above and below would result in our ruin. Still there was hope, but only for a few days, Starvation began to stare us in the face.

On the 8th day of July a salute of one hundred guns was fired in the Federal lines and on their fleet, and cheer after cheer could be distinctly heard within our lines. A batch of newspapers was given our advanced pickets by the Federal pickets in which we found an account of the surrender of Vicksburg and battle of Gettysburg. One and all had been hopeful but now gloom and despair could easily be detected on the countenances of the officers and men.

As the darkness of night approached, no sound could be heard within our lines, silence and sadness reigned supreme. I retired to my couch and left Gen. Gardner and the other members of his staff seated in chairs on the portico overlooking the broad Mississippi, smoking magnolia blossoms, for no one had had tobacco to chew or to smoke for weeks. A good judge of human nature could easily have detected what was passing before the General's mind if he had watched him closely as he puffed the smoke out of one corner of his mouth. About 12 o'clock he came into my room and gently laying his hands on me told me to get up and come into his office. I was soon at his command. "Sit down," he said, "and write to Gen. Beal, Col.'s Miles, Steadman, Sheley, Smith and Johnston that I wish to see them at headquarters immediately."

The orders were soon written and sent by couriers, and it was only a short time before these officers arrived, when I retired to the portico to await their decision. The consultation or council of war only lasted a few minutes, and each officer came out, mounted his horse and quickly rode back to his command. I went back in doors. Gen. Gardner was seated by the table, alone, with a novel near him.

"General" I said, "I think I can guess what you and your officers have determined to do." "What?" said he. "Why, as the last resort, surrender." "Yes" he replied while his quivering lips and downcast eyes told of anguish unutterable. "General if it is your intention to surrender, I desire permission to make my escape tonight, if you will not think I am deserting you." He looked up and replied, "Why, you are aware that nearly everyone of my scouts have been captured in the attempt to pass out, and that it would be a miracle if you should get out, and if arrested, you might be shot as a spy. But go, if you wish, and all will be right. We surrender tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

A captain in the first Alabama regiment, a friend, had prevailed upon me to let him know before we surrendered if it became necessary and we would make our way out together.

Bidding General Gardner adieu, I was soon at the door of the captains' tent.

"Come captain, get up; now is your time, if you expect to make your escape. We surrender in the morning at 9 o'clock."

"How do you propose to get out?"

"Why, float by the Federal fleet and make my way out after passing it."

"That is hazardous, and we will be drowned or captured," replied the captain.

"Good-bye captain," I replied, "I see you are in no humor for trying your luck." So off I went for our lower battery, where I intended to take water. But lo and behold!! the moon was just rising, so bright, so lovely, and shown with such brilliancy that I realized the captain was right; that I would be captured if I attempted to pass the fleet. I stood gazing into the angry and turbulent waters of the mighty river for a few moments, thinking of the cold and miserable prisons in the North where so many of our brave men had perished; then I thought of home, and my

heart felt as if it would break. Slowly and reluctantly I retraced my steps to headquarters. A dim light was burning in the General's office, when I opened the door. "Why, Jackson, I thought you were out of the lines of the enemy by now!" "I can find no way to get out General." "Well, it may be for the best," he replied. "We then retired. Already a flag of truce had been sent to the enemy's lines to arrange to surrender.

Next morning, July the 9th, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and it was soon rumored that we would surrender at 9 o'clock. At 8 o'clock the commands of the different Confederate officers were ordered to assemble in a large field on the bluff of the river and form a line parallel with the river. Two staff officers, Captains Lanier and Simpson, were sent out to conduct the Federal army in. At 9 o'clock the music of the different bands of the Federal army could be heard. Gen. Gardner and staff had taken their position on the extreme right of his brave and ragged little army. "Soon the head of the Federal army appeared in sight. General Andrews had been appointed to receive the surrender, and rode in advance of the column between Simpson and Lanier, closely followed by his staff. They came directly to where General Gardner and staff were. General Gardner advanced to meet them, and after saluting them, said: "General Andrews, I now surrender my sword and garrison as I have no means to offer resistance longer, many of my men being sick and my supply of provisions and amunition exhausted. General Andrews accepted his sword and returned it with the remark that he could not retain the sword of one who had defended his post so gallantly, and invited General Gardner to ride down the lines, which they did abreast, followed by their respective staffs. I was riding by the side of Col. M. J. Smith, chief of Ordinance Department of Miss. and East Louisiana, who eyed me closely and observed: "Jackson, you look like a yankee." "I am going to leave you," I replied. "Tell General Gardner and the boys goodbye." I was dressed in a black broad cloth coat, Alabama staff buttons, cut and trimed in regulation style, a pair of grey trousers and slouch hat, and the idea occured to me that in the confusion I might pass myself off as a Federal officer and make my way out; so wheeling my horse, I galloped through our lines, and passing down to the left, passed

through again, and boldly galloped up to the Federal line which had already enclosed our line. A Federal colonel eyed me closely; I gave him a salute, and in a second he said "Open ranks men, and let that officer pass." I continued on in my course, not looking to the right or left, meeting regiment after regiment, battery after battery, and at last rode upon a regiment of Federals stretched across the road just outside of our earthworks. (Feeling that I now would be arrested, I put on all the brass I could command and galloped forward as though on an important errand.) When in about ten paces of the regiment, I gave the Colonel, who was standing in the road in front of his command, a salute, and immediately the command "open ranks" was given and obeyed and I passed out in a gallop. (Courage!" thinks I, "There is some hope of my making it, yet.")

I was now out of the lines of intrenchments and in the camp of the enemy, but what a change since the last time I rode in front of our works before the investment! New roads had been opened and large bodies of oak, cottonwood and other timber cut down—what must I do? Near the road on which I was traveling were five or six neatly pitched tents, and seated around three or four Federal officers. I galloped up to them and said: "Gentlemen, can you tell me where the 174th New York Regiment is encamped?" "No sir," they replied. "It is on the Jackson road, if you can direct me there," I said. "Certainly, Sir; just keep the road you are on, and the first right hand road will put you in it." Thanking them, I was about to proceed, when one of them said: "Hold! We have some fine brandy here; get down and join us, and tell us how many of the rebs we have captured."

I alighted, drank their health, and finally success to *our arms* gave them a detailed account of how things were looking on the inside, and excused myself by telling them I would be glad to spend more time with them, but had important dispatches for the outposts, and would have to leave them. One of them presented me with a half-a-dozen fine cigars, and I invited them around to see me at Gen. Banks' headquarters, then bade them good-bye, mounted and put off. Whether they ever accepted my invitation, I don't know, but if they did, I know they were disappointed at

not seeing me there, and thought some fellow had played a joke on them.

I was soon on the Jackson road and still in a gallop, when I saw a squad of Federal cavalry approaching me. I went ahead, halted them, asked them what regiment they belonged to, ordered them to join it immediately, and in a very authoritative voice inquired if the out-posts on the road had been relieved? They said not, so I avoided it by leaving the road and made for the railroad intending to use that as my line of direction for Clinton, La., and after traveling in the woods near it for some time, I at last arrived at General Carter's plantation about six miles from Port Hudson. Standing near the road was a shade tree, under which I concluded to let my mare blow awhile, as I had been riding her pretty hard, but soon after stopping I happened to look up the road and saw a solitary cavalryman approaching. I mounted in quick time, and as I advanced towards him I had some fear that he might put a stop to my game by taking me in, but on I went, and nearer and nearer we approached, I raised my hand and gave him a salute, checked my horse quickly, and in a loud and authoritative voice demanded his regiment, and ordered him to join it. He eyed me closely and asked:

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"Gen. Banks' staff," I replied, and off I went. ("Well," I thought, "I have made a narrow escape. That fellow thinks I am not all right!") and turning around after I was about three hundred yards distant, I saw that he had faced his horse about and was watching me, but he didn't have the courage to pursue, so I gratefully rode away from him, but changed my route by making for the timber. About an hour later I ran into an outpost of six men on the Baton Rouge road, who were playing poker, which gave me an excuse to reprimand them for neglecting their duties, and I closed by ordering them to mount to post hast and report to their commands; that orders had been sent them an hour ago. They did so in quick time, and I proceeded them ahead. After going about a mile through thick and heavy timber. I came

to a small branch and as I and my horse were exhausted, I concluded to dismount and rest awhile. After pulling off my coat and hitching my horse I washed my face, and combed my hair. I felt safe, out in an immense forest, away from the roads no one but myself and horse—why it would take a crowd to find me. All at once I heard the sound of horses coming. The grass around me was about breast high. Slipping on my coat and unhitching my mare, I prepared to mount in event any one was in pursuit of me. I looked through the timber from which the sound proceeded and caught the glimpse of two Federal cavalrymen. Nearer and nearer they approached. My horse and I stood perfectly still. I saw they were looking down at the horns of their saddles, so they passed in twenty-five yards of me, and did not see me. Certainly I was in luck. They were not hunting me, but were quietly travelling to Baton Rouge wagon road near where I had stopped, not knowing I was so near it. These two men were the last Federals I saw, so I made my way to Clinton and arrived there about dusk, and spent the night with a family about a mile from town. Next morning off I went for Osyka, a little town on the New Orleans and Jackson R. R., where I arrived about 3 o'clock. Going to the telegraph office, I telegraphed to Gen. Jos. E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss., giving him an account of the surrender. A gentleman on General Kirby Smith's staff invited me to dinner. Soon the adjutant of the post called and said the commander of the post wished to see me. I accompanied him and when I arrived on the stand saw a crowd of soldiers, old men, women and boys and in their midst stood the post commander. Having a slight acquaintance with him at Port Hudson before its investment, I advanced to him and extending my hand said: "How do you do Captain?" He stepped back and eyed me with vengeance, saying "I don't know you. I understand you have been sending dispatches to General Johnston and that you represent yourself as a staff officer of General Gardner. He has no such man as you on his staff." I was thunder struck. Why the captain don't know me, whom I treated so kindly just before we were invested. A man who had slept in the same room and eaten at the same table with me for a week. What had occurred? When the thought that he didn't wish to recognize me for the reason that he would like to be captured and paroled flashed across my mind.

“Captain, if you don’t know me, I can, if you will answer me truthfully, convince you and everyone present, that I am what I represent myself.”

“I will answer any questions you ask,” he replied.

“Well, captain, when Grierson with his command, on his raid through Mississippi, passed here just before Port Hudson was invested, did you not write to General Gardner and inform him that the Post quartermaster here had distributed out the stores belonging to his department to the citizens here, and with the horses and ambulances left in post haste for Mobile, Ala.?” “Yes sir, I did,” he said. “In eight of ten days after did you not write to him and beg him to appoint you Post quartermaster?” “I did, sir.” “Now, captain, if I can tell you the substance of his reply, will that not satisfy you I am a staff officer of General Gardner?” The whole crowd, who were listening to every word said, spoke out as if in one word, “yes”. Eyeing the captain closely, I said: “He wrote you that his limited acquaintance with you forbid him from giving you any recommendation for any position whatever. I wrote that letter captain, by General Gardner’s dictation. Did you receive it?” “I did,” he replied. The crowd was then on my side. After seeing Co. Witt, of an Arkansas regiment, who was captured by the Federals at the beginning of the siege, and had been paroled and was on his way to join his regiment, and giving him the particulars of what had occurred, he assumed the command of the district and ordered the post commander to collect up his command and report to Gen. J. E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss. I then proceeded on my way to Mobile, via Columbiana, a neat little village, where I arrived about dark and remained until next morning. At an early hour next morning I was in my saddle and rode about thirty-five miles by sun down, and spent the night at a small villiage the name of which I have forgotten. Having received directions from the tavern keeper how to get through an immense pine forest, I was again off by times, and soon struck the cow trail upon which I was destined to travel all day and see no one. The tavern keeper had been kind enough to tell me about the deserters and bushwackers who usually traveled through that trail, and the danger meeting them, but as I had

neither money or anything else of value, I felt no uneasiness; my horse even belonging to the C. S. Government. I passed through safely and about sun down was fortunate enough to get on the Mobile wagon road. It was not long before I met a Confederate cavalry command and after passing it was riding leisurely along thinking that my troubles were over, when I saw a mounted officer conversation with a farmer at his gate. Saluting them I passed on, but before I had gone far the officer came back in the gate and hailed me. I stopped and he came up and demanded to see my orders. I politely informed him that I didn't consider it necessary to carry any, when he replied that he had orders to halt anyone without them, and to send them under guard to Mobile. "Let us ride back to a house where we can spend the night and I will in the morning send a man with you to Mobile." Thanking him I gladly accepted his offer and was soon myself comfortable at the old farmers house that I had just passed. Early next morning, after breakfast, a tall gander legged fellow, with red hair and a good deal of white about his eyebrows, dressed in a new gray jacket and pants, and mounted on a long, lean, sorrell horse with a blaze in his face and two white feet, galloped up to the gate and reported to the officer who had taken me in charge, that he was ready. He was armed with a long heavy old musket, "Come captain," said the lieutenant, "the man who will conduct you to Mobile is ready." In a few moments I was ready, also, and bidding the lieutenant goodbye. I mounted my steed and with my guard started off in a fast gallop. After galloping about two miles we checked our horses and I eyed the fellow from head to foot, and was soon convinced that he was a good natured fellow, and if I could only gain his confidence I would have some fun. I began a brisk conversation with him; asked him how long he had been in the army, told him what a fine soldier he was, and that he would make a great man one day. In fact I was very lavish with soft soap and flattery, and soon had the fellow under my influence, I then told him of the battles I had been in, the terrible charges of the enemy that we had repulsed, carried him over the battle fields, and told him of the pitiful cries of the wounded, great number of the dead, and everything horrible I had ever seen and more besides; and then spurring my horse up by the side of his, in a very quite persuasive

voice said, "My friend, let me relieve you of carrying that old musket for awhile," Without a thought, he quietly handed me the gun, and in a second I said in a loud and commanding voice. "Move to the front. You are my prisoner! If you attempt to run, you are a dead man! A yankee has caught you before you had time to think! Ride up now and be a good boy for you are mine." The look of consternation and despair that gleamed from his eyes as he replied, "Yes sir, don't shoot." convinced me that he would be obedient, so I had fun out of the fellow for the next twenty miles, until we got in sight of Spring Hill; then trotting up I told him I had only been joking him, that I was all right, to get down take his gun and hide it in a brier patch until he returned. He could barely realize his situation, but looking me in the face said, "Ain't you a yankee?" "No I am a Confederate like yourself." "Shore enough?" he asked. "Well I've been looking for you to kill me every step my horse took. I am glad you ain't one, for cap't told me you might be, and I am so glad." Down he jumped, took his gun, laid it in the brier patch, mounted again, and we were soon in the city of Mobile. Going around to Col. Garner's office and reporting I was relieved and bid my guard goodbye.

TEN MONTHS EXPERIENCE IN NORTHERN PRISONS

By

J. B. Stamp *

Sergeant Company I, 3rd Alabama Infantry Regiment

I was captured at the Wilderness of Virginia May 5th, 1864,—the day it may be said that began the campaign that ended the war between the States. I had always entertained a peculiar horror of being a prisoner, but on that memorable May morning, I, with many others, unavoidable fell into the hands of the enemy. I was a member of Battle's famous Alabama Brigade, and my capture is to be attributed to an unexpected movement of Jones Virginia brigade which we were supporting. Jones brigade became panic stricken, which resulted in a stampede of both lines. — only a skirmish line of the enemy had appeared in out front, and this had been successfully repulsed, and as there was no indication of their return, I with others remained in position, expecting the fleeing brigades to at once recover from their fright and rejoin us. Those of us who remained were deployed at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet, and the first intimation I had of the proximity of the enemy, I covered by the gun of a soldier, who, under concealment of the chaparral, had approached within ten feet of me. He muttered out something which I supposed to be a command to surrender. I now discovered that the enemy by a flank movement, occupied our rear, thereby cutting off all means of escape, and resistance would have simply invited death. I yielded to the command of my captor, whom I found to be a sergeant, and from his extreme bad English, for a moment, it was a question as to whether I had surrendered to Germany or United States. However the quandry was soon removed, by the sergeant putting me in charge of a private who was a regular "down easter" of the "blue Belly" stripe. I was now satisfied that I was in the custody of "Uncle Sam" with all the dreaded horrors of a prison life, staring me in the face.

* Mr. Stamp for many years lived in the present Elmore County and west of the village now called Millbrook.

The soldier to whom I was assigned, with orders to convey me to the rear, was evidently quite proud of his possession of a live Confederate, and doubtless elated with the opportunity of getting to the rear; as he approached me in great ecstasy; hailing me as Johnny, — a name the Federal soldiers had for Confederates in common, — and seizing me by the lapel of my jacket endeavored to force me along.

I did not see the need of being thus encumbered, as it had the effect of rendering unpleasant our progress through the thick undergrowth, and over the brush wood, I demanded to be released; asserting, that I preferred to do my own piloting. He readily yielded to my demand, but insisted on hurrying up, and claiming that we were in great danger from stray balls.

It was only a short distance through the woods to where we entered an old field. On the left of us, and only a few hundred yards off, I observed a line of Federal soldiers, who with measured step were gracefully moving in the direction of the woods. I knew that our troops (Scale's brigade) occupied these woods, and from what was transpiring before me was quite certain an attack was contemplated. I requested the guard to stop in order that we might witness the result. As he evidently entertained a great fear of being killed, and was not the least disposed to incur any chances, he very earnestly objected to my proposition, and insisted I should not delay. The interest I felt in what was about to take place, caused me not to heed his objection, and without any direct intension to disobey, I stopped. In a few minutes there was a roar of musketry followed by a wild confederate yell; the federals were repulsed. The air about was now alive with hissing missiles coming from an oblique direction, which had a very exciting effect on the guard, and greatly intensifying his anxiety for us to hasten on. The poor fellow seemed entirely oblivious to the fact, that he was in possession of a gun, and might force obedience to his orders. On the opposite side of the field, was a gulley or ditch, in which we found a large number of skulkers, presumably a portion of the skirmishers that had been repulsed by Jones brigade. My guard in his eagerness to escape the few balls that were still passing near us, absolutely

tumbled into the ditch. I followed him, but not so precipitately, and besides I continued out on the opposite side, which brought forth numerous appeals to "Johnny" to come back. I quietly walked on, hoping as my guard was now in safe quarters, I would be permitted to go alone. But I soon discovered there was one who was willing to follow me, and when he came up, asserted his intention of guarding me to the "Bull Pen," as the soldiers termed it. My new guard was a small man, of low stature, and I was satisfied that I was physically his superior, I seriously contemplated an attempt to disarm him. But I thought if I should succeed in exchanging places with him, as I knew nothing of the surrounding I might encounter difficulties I could not overcome, and an effort to reach confederate lines, would possible result disastrously.

On our way we passed quite a number of wounded soldiers, who were being conveyed to the hospital, and among them was a Zouave. As soon as he beheld me, he became violently enraged, and swore that he would avenge his wounds by murdering me; but from the loss of blood, he was entirely too feeble for action, so he had to be content himself with profane and vulgar abuse. We finally reached the "Bull Pen" when I was assigned to the custody of guards for prisoners, and the guard who had accompanied me, was sent back to the front under escort of a cavalryman. The Pen was established in an old field, and but a short distance from General Grant's headquarters. Wagons, ambulances and other vehicles were to be seen in every direction. Long lines of troops and artillery were continuously passing, on the way to the front. Besides the guards for prisoners, there was a large number of soldiers on the field, who were serving as guards for headquarters, and the various wagon trains. From General Grant's tent proudly floated the United States flag, while in front a sentinel was seen in his "lonely walk." As a whole the scene was an imposing one, and one which were displayed the equipments of a well appointed army. I knew nothing of the fate of my comrades, and evidently was the first prisoner to arrive, although, I observed a man on the opposite side of the pen talking to one of the guards, who bore the appearance of a confederate soldier. I laid down on the ground, using my blanket roll

for a pillow, and as I was dreaming of the hardships and cold comforts of prison life, I was suddenly aroused by some one exclaiming, "hello, when did they get you?" Looking up, I saw that it was the chap I had observed talking to the guard. I told him I was captured two or three hours ago, and enquired when and where did they capture him. "Oh," he replied, "I was not captured; I came to them soon this morning." "What" I asked, "Do you really mean to say that you are a deserter?" He answered with rather a triumphant air, "I am." This poor, ignorant and degraded creature was a member of a Georgia Regiment. My comrades all arrived, together with a large number of others, and the work of enrolling the prisoners was commenced! The enrolling officer, who bore the rank of Major, was to put it mildly, very overbearing and insulting in his treatment of prisoners. To give an example of his conduct, while Captain Witherspoon of the Mobile Cadets was being enrolled, and standing in front of him, he, Witherspoon, inadvertently made a step forward, which the officer interpreted as an attempt to overlook his writing. With an oath of abuse, he reversed the end of his pencil and with force thrust it into Capt. Witherspoon's mouth, inflicting a severe and painful wound. An explanation from Capt. Witherspoon had only the effect of inviting additional abuse. There was a continuous influx of prisoners, and the number had now increased to more than two hundred. The evening of the next day (May 6th) after I was captured, an incident occurred that is worth relating. General Ewell was pressing the Federals and had driven them back in such close proximity to General Grant's headquarters, that the situation became suddenly chaotic. Everything was panic stricken, and a general stampede ensued. Ambulances, headquarters, commissary and quartermasters wagons, in the confusion and hurry to get to the rear made numerous collisions and were upset or broken down. The prisoners thought that deliverance was at hand, and with exuberant feelings, rent the air with repeated wild confederate yells, which were stopped by an officer threatening to command the guard to fire on us.

We had not yet been supplied with rations, — though they were promised, — and with many it was becoming a serious matter, as we were beginning to suffer from hunger and fatigue.

General Grant had commenced his night movements, and any change in the position of the army, made it necessary to change ours. We remained with the army about eight days longer, and every night we were on the move, and frequently during the day our position was changed. On one or two occasions, in making these changes, we were carried so near the line of battle, that we were within range of the guns of our sharp shooters. As we were now several days without rations, we were absolutely suffering for something to eat. A comrade and I had consumed the last of a quart of peas that we had been subsisting on for two days. The guards were very kind to us, and as it was prudent, divided their rations with us. After keeping us with the army eleven days, we were at last ordered to prison. Our route to be by way of Fredericksburg, thence to Bell's Landing on the Potomac River, from which place we were to be transported by steamer to Point Lookout, Maryland. Suffering from fatigue and hunger, we started on the march, but before we should be fairly on the way, there was another and more trying ordeal through which we had to pass; one that could not fail to make the blood of a Southern soldier boil. Leaving the direct road, we were carried to where there was encamped a negro brigade; and to subject us to the jeers and insults of these negroes was evidently intended, and that they had been notified, of our coming, there is hardly any doubt, as we found them in line and apparently awaiting us. As we were approaching them, the injunction for every man to keep quiet was passed down the head of our column.

As this event was but a few days subsequent to the capture of Fort Pillow, by General Forrest, and the reported massacre of the colored garrison, we were greeted with cries of "remember Fort Pillow," and this was followed by a tirade of the most obscene and insulting epithets, that their vulgar and depraved minds could conceive. Curses that would have put to blush the devil himself, were heaped upon us.

The prisoners, though burning with indignation, quietly passed on, leaving the black demons masters of the situation. We arrived at Bell's Landing about three o'clock in the evening, and very soon afterwards the long looked for rations were issued to

us, which consisted of three quarters of a pound of pork, and twelve crackers. Were told to eat it all if we so desired, as another supply would be issued us the next morning. There were many who had not eaten a mouthful in five days, and of these, there were some, who ate all that was given them. None attempted or did any cooking. After remaining at Bell's Landing two or three days we were carried by steamer to Point Lookout, and arrived in prison about four o'clock in the evening. Prisoners who had preceded us there, — and there were several thousand, — were quartered in what was apparently old army tents, of many shapes and sizes. The camp was situated immediately on the Chesapeake Bay, and only a short distance from the Potomac River. It was enclosed by a plank wall twenty feet high, and as near as I could well estimate, embraced an area of at least ten acres. On the side next to the bay were two large gates which were open during the day, affording the prisoners access to the beach, and the privilege of bathing. To prevent escapes, a stockade reaching far into the Bay was constructed from the two corners of the prison. On the outside of the wall, and a few feet below the top, a staging was constructed, on which the sentinels were stationed. Two regiments were required as guards, and one of these was a negro regiment. They alternated in their duties, each serving two weeks. An insufficiency of rations, was the great complaint of the prisoners. Only two meals per day were allowed, and these were prepared for us, and served in a dinning room. Our breakfast consisted of about five ounces of bread, or five or six small crackers; three or four ounces of boiled beef, or salt pork, and a cup of weak coffee. Dinner was the same amount of bread, and a pint of rice or bean soup. The prisoner who was so fortunate as to get a small piece of meat in his soup was regarded with envy by his comrades, and he considered that he was in a good condition to do without supper.

The rations so far from appeasing hunger, were not more than sufficient to sustain life, and as a consequence the prisoners suffered. Those who had money, could supply their wants at the sutler's shop, however, there were but few of this class. Next to something to eat, tobacco was an item of great importance, and as crackers were a currency, a chew of tobacco was sold for a

cracker. The price never varied, but frequently the chews did. Tobacco stands were numerous. For fifteen cents a small plug of black tobacco would be purchased from the sutler, cut into chews of equal size, and spread upon a board, supported by sticks driven in the ground.

The proprietors of these stands were very attentive to business, and when their stock in trade was disposed of, they would then sell of the crackers an amount sufficient to replace the cost of the tobacco, and the proceeds reinvested while the profits would be eaten.

Little trinkets and articles of jewelry were manufactured from gutta percha buttons and beef bones, and disposed of to the guards. The money thus obtained, would be invested in tobacco, or articles of food, that could be purchased from the sulter. The laundry business, was extensively carried on, and for one or two crackers, or a small piece of tobacco, an article of clothing would be washed, but as they were not prepared for ironing, it would be returned in a rough state. An ingenious prisoner constructed a miniature steam engine, which he exhibited in one of the tents, charging one cracker as an admittance fee. This for a while proved to be the most lucrative business in the camp. So distressing was the condition of some of the prisoners, that any menial service would be performed for crackers or tobacco.

The short rations at Point Lookout were alone a sufficient hardship for the prisoners, but added to this, were the indignities and insults of the negro guards. Their presence while on duty, was a constant menace, and the prisoners had to observe the greatest circumspection for the safety of their lives. In many instances the conduct of these guards was the result of ignorance. On one occasion, when the patrol was making a round, a light was observed in one of the hospitals, approaching the door, the guard cried out, "put out dat light." The steward or attendant knew too well from whom the order came, and though he knew of his privilege to keep a light, almost simultaneously with the order, he extinguished it. The guard afterwards returned and informed the attendant that he could "light a little of dat lamp."

On another occasion, one of these guards was on night duty, at one of the pumps, which had been reserved for hospital use, and none but the attendants were permitted to get water. A prisoner who was not aware of this, was on his way to the pump when he was halted and the countersign demanded. "I don't know the countersign," "What," said the guard, "You don't know the countersign, — why Washington am de countersign." "Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, "Washington" "Dats right," said the guard, "Go and git your water."

It was at this pump that a negro guard shot at one of the prisoners — who being ignorant that the pump had been reserved for hospital uses, was on his way for a supply of water, and missing him, wounded two or three others, who were standing near by. It was a favorite pastime, and not an uncommon occurrence, for a prisoner who was unavoidably caught out of his tent, to be intercepted by the negro patrol, and made to run or "double quick" up and down the street, until the poor fellow would be almost entirely overcome with exhaustion. The influx of prisoners had become so great that a transfer to other prisons was made necessary, and for this purpose five hundred were ordered into an adjacent camp, — one that had formerly been used as a prison for officers, where we were to await preparations for our departure to Elmire, N. Y. — our destination.

Soon after we entered the prison, the report of a gun was heard in the one we had left. We were afterwards told by one of the guards, (white) that a negro sentinel had killed one of the prisoners. I asked the guard what he thought would be done with the sentinel. His reply was, That he didn't know, but thought it likely he would be promoted to a corporal. It was ascertained that we were to be sent from Point Lookout to Jersey City by steamer, thence to Elmire by railroad. This information gave rise to a conspiracy to capture the vessel. A sufficient number of determined men had been selected, and the details of the movement fully arranged, when it was discovered that a prisoner who had been for some time suspected of disloyalty, was in possession of the secret. This was regarded by the leaders as ominous of a failure, and as a result the plot was abandoned. We left Point

Lookout on the fifth of August, 1864, and after a voyage of five days on the Atlantic Ocean, and the time required by railroad from Jersey City, we arrived at Elmira prison. We found here several thousand prisoners, who were quartered in tents and barracks. The construction of the prison was the same as the one at Point Lookout, only much larger. Extending through the prison, and near the center, was a pond of stagnant water. Elmira prison, — as I was informed, — was originally a camp of instruction. The buildings consisted of a dining room, guard house, hospitals, and a few barracks. But before mid winter, other and a sufficient number of barracks were built, and also additional hospitals. The prison was divided into sections and wards, all numbered. The complaint of an insufficiency of rations existed at Elmira, as did at Point Lookout. The rations were the same, minus the cup of weak coffee at breakfast. But to those who were able to purchase, this was supplied, by some of the more enterprising prisoners, by a decoction of parched or burnt bread crust resembling coffee, and which was sold a cup full for a "chaw" of tobacco. The cry was, "Here's your nice hot coffee, a cup full for a chaw of tobacco." Manufacturing jewelry, shoe repairing, tailoring, shaving and haircutting, were avocations followed by some of the prisoners. With many, letter writing was the chief employment, corresponding with northern friends, or relatives, — no communication with the South.

A great many had money sent to them by their friends, but were not permitted to handle it. All letters were opened at the prison post office, and the money they were found to contain, was taken out and deposited to the credit of the respective owners. The only means of using this money was by orders on the sutler, for such goods as he sold,—the order serving as a check on the treasurer for the amount purchased. It was evident that the object of this method was to force the money into the hands of the sutler. The medical and hospital departments of Elmira prison are worthy of commendation. In addition to surgeons for the various hospitals, there was one for each of the five sections of the camp. The office of the chief surgeon was inside the walls, and also a full line of medical stores, which were in charge of competent druggists, and accessible at all hours of the day and

night. The strictest rules of cleanliness were enforced in the management of the hospitals. A special cook-house was provided where the hospital attendants received their meals and the diet for the sick was prepared. While the prisoners at Point Lookout had to suffer the tyranny of a negro guard, at Elmira they had to endure the gross indignities and maltreatment of a Lieutenant. The conduct of this officer was such, that the announcement of his presence in the camp was received with terror. And should two or more prisoners be together outside the barracks, they would at once seek their quarters as it was his habit, whenever he found them congregated, to seize the first one he came to, and severely "boot" him, or pound him with his fist. It was his delight to stone them from the pumps, and whenever he found them cooking, he would upset their pots and pans and destroy whatever they had. I have often seen, when the ground would be covered with ice, a dozen or more marching in a circle in front of the guard house with these "barrel Shirts" on. This was often for trifling offenses, and had to be performed so many hours each day of their sentence to the guard house. I witnessed on one occasion, the punishing of a prisoner, who was found intoxicated. He was carried before the commander of the camp and refusing to tell how he had obtained the spirits, was tied up by his thumbs and afterwards, to add to his punishment, and force the confession, he was gagged. In this, the instrument used was a block of wood which was forced in his mouth and fastened with a strong cord at the back of the head. The cord was drawn so tight, that incisions, or ruptures, were made in the corners of his mouth. The commander finding that his efforts were unavailing, ordered the cords removed, and as a punishment for drunkenness, the man was sentenced to two weeks imprisonment in the guard house, with rations of bread and water.

There was a class of men in the prison known as oath takers, who were at all times regarded with contempt by the other prisoners. These men were only applicants for the oath of allegiance to the United States, and to take the oath they were promised their liberty. A small building with a glass front was erected inside the prison, which was known as the Glass House. This was used as an office for the registration of applicants. It

was reported that all applications had to be forwarded to the War Department for approval. And pending this; and as a token of favoritism many of the applicants were employed in the various camp departments, and as a reward for their services, they were given an extra ration. To distinguish these men from the other prisoners, all were required to wear a badge of red flannel, except such as were employed as detectives. While a few might have been influenced to make application for the oath of allegiance, to the United States, on the promise of their freedom, doubtless in a majority of cases starvation forced them to a compromise of their manhood and the chance of an extra ration was the inducement. If any of the applications were ever approved, it was not known in the prison. Citizens were not permitted to visit the prison, but to afford them a view of the camp and prisoners, an observatory two stories high was erected near the wall. And as we were informed, admittance fees of ten and fifteen cents were charged. At times the observatory would be crowded, and especially on Sundays. Frequently quite a number of prisoners would assemble on a grass plat in front of the observatory and indulge in numerous ridiculous feats of ground tumbling; ostensibly for the amusement of the spectators, but really in derision of being regarded as curiosities.

As the winter advanced insufficiency of food increased, and in many instances, prisoners were reduced to absolute suffering. All the rats that could be captured were eaten, and on one occasion a small dog that had followed a wood hauler into the camp was caught and prepared as food. While these men were enjoying their meal they were discovered by an "oath taker" detective, who reported them. They were arrested and punished by wearing "barrel shirts."

Apple peelings that were trampled in mud in front of the barracks, were picked up, washed off and eaten. I once threw down an apple core near where some prisoners were standing, and it was immediately picked up by one of them and devoured. Hunger was not alone the suffering of the prisoners of Elmira in the winter of 1864. Many were without blankets, shoes and necessary clothing, and such being their condition, the extreme

cold weather common to that latitude was productive of intense suffering. Although the barracks were provided with good stoves, and apparently a sufficiency of fuel, it was only the strong who obtained any comfort from them, the weaker ones were crowded out,—chilblains were a common complaint. A few black overcoats, minus the tails, were all the clothing furnished the prisoners by the Federal government. Why the entire coat was not given, I am unable to say. In January or February, 1865, a supply of clothing was sent to Elmira prison by the confederate government. There was also a small contribution by some of the ladies of Baltimore. Attempts to escape from the prison, by tunnelling, were quite frequent, but only in one instance was it successful. A tunnel over sixty feet in length was, with astonishing accuracy, cut to the outside of the wall, through which ten prisoners made their escape. A portion of these safely reached the south, while others made their way to Canada. Camp detectives were very industrious in their efforts to intercept plans of escaping. And on one occasion a discovery was made, that led to the belief that a general outbreak was contemplated. A ladder was found under one of the barracks. The occupants of the barrack were arrested and put in the guard house, but a subsequent investigation, disclosed the fact that the ladder was left by the camp builders.

Major Beal, known in the camp as "old peg leg" succeeded Major Colt, whom we found as commander of Elmira prison. Major Beal was a source of great trouble and annoyance to the prisoners. He would often visit the camp at midnight in freezing weather, and require the sergeants of the wards to form the men in line, to answer to "roll call."

Occasionally he would come in to inspect the barracks, and any little comforts or conveniences he would find about the bunks, that had been arranged by the prisoners, he would order them torn down and thrown out. During the winter of 1864, Elmira prison suffered from the prevalence of small pox, and while it seemed, that every effort was made to arrest the progress of the disease, a large number contracted it and it was reported that the mortality for many days averaged twenty two per day.

On the first appearance of the disease, prisoners generally were vaccinated, and while I would not charge there was any intention of doing harm, yet from the apparent use of impure or poisonous vaccine, in many cases loathsome sores completely covering the arm were produced. While I bore witness to this, and was myself a sufferer, it was reported that in some cases amputation was necessary.

It was currently reported that a prisoner serving as nurse in the small pox hospital gained his liberty by being carried out as one of the dead. The coffin in which he was concealed, was topmost of the load, and by arrangements with his fellow nurses, the lid was loosely or insecurely fastened on. The teamster who was entirely ignorant of what was done, used this coffin as a seat. After passing through the gate and attained as near as could be judged a safe distance from the wall, with a sudden bound the lid was forced from the coffin, and precipitating the driver, who in great terror deserted his team, the prisoner safely escaping to the adjacent mountain. Prisoners were now being paroled and sent South. To Doctor A. Burchard, one of the camp surgeons whom I served as clerk, I am indebted for being liberated from the Elmira prison as early as I was. If Dr. Burchard is living, and this article should come to his notice, I herein renew my thanks to him for his disinterested kindness in my behalf, and assure him he is still remembered with feelings of profound gratitude.

Five hundred of us selected from the camp left the Elmira Prison about the 1st of March, 1865, and were sent to Baltimore, thence to Aiken's Landing, on the James River, where with glad hearts we once more set foot on Dixie's sacred soil. About three miles up the river we boarded a confederate steamer and were conveyed to Richmond. From there we were ordered to Camp Lee, a short distance out from the City, where we received full pay of all the government was due us, and given transportation home.

SAM LARY'S "SCRAPS FROM MY KNAPSACK"

Edited by W. E. Wight*

From March 23 through May 1, 1864, at a time when news print was so scarce that the paper was being issued as a half sheet and the size of the type had been considerably reduced, there appeared in the *Daily Columbus Enquirer* nine sketches of the 15th Alabama Infantry Regiment.¹ The author of these was Samuel D. Lary** who had joined Company B, 15th Alabama Regiment on July 3, 1861, at Fort Mitchell, Alabama. In 1861 a married man, twenty-eight years of age, Lary, born in Texas, was by profession an editor and was presumably connected with the newspaper published at Union Springs, where he resided. The historian of the regiment wrote that Lary "was always saying he was going to write up a history of the regiment. He had sufficient ability to have done it well, but never did. Was very fond of spirits and was discharged for disability in the summer of 1862, never having been in a battle and died soon after the war in Elmore County, Alabama." The record roll of the company, dated January 15, 1865, shows that he was discharged in April, 1862, and had participated in no engagements.² It is possible that he was connected with the Columbus, Georgia, newspaper at the time his sketches appeared.

From the style and the numerous quotations contained in this sample of his writing, it can be said that Lary had either had a good education or had served a long apprenticeship in his profession. His florid style with its rolling sentences and lofty sentiments was typical of his day and would serve as a good illustration of the literary style of the average writer of the period. He shared a common failing of his day in that he was inconsistent

* Dr. Wright is a member of the staff of the Department of Social Science of the Georgia Institute of Technology, at Atlanta.

** Private Samuel D. Lary, Company B, 15th Ala. Inf. Regt., enlisted July 3, 1861, at Ft. Mitchell, born in Texas, Editor, resident of Union Springs, Ala., age 28, married; absent sick at Winchester, Va., May 26, 1862; and at Cross Keys, Va., June 8, 1862; discharged on or about Apr. 15, 1862. — Historial Roll, dated near Richmond, 31 Dec. 1864.

in his spelling, particularly of proper names. Cantey and Canty appear in sketches as well as Griffin and Griffen. Lary was himself the victim of this common failing in that his name appears as Leary in the published history of his regiment.

The fifteenth Alabama Infantry Regiment was organized in 1861 at Fort Mitchell and served as a unit in Stonewall Jackson's army. It fought with distinction in the Valley of Virginia and at Gettysburg. Ordered to join Bragg's army, the regiment fought at Chickamauga and in other battles through that campaign. Returning to Virginia, the Fifteenth saw service in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Second Cold Harbor, and also engaged before Petersburg and Richmond.⁸

Lary's account of his regiment shows great concern with the problems of health and food. These were both matters which concerned the average soldier and seriously affected the efficiency and the morale of the troops of the Confederacy. A degree of realism is furnished by the indication that the soldiers had a propensity for drink, by the encounters with the mosquitoes, by talk of the weather, by the vivid description of the battlefield of Manassas, and by the descriptions of the work of the chaplain and the surgeon. The experiences related in this close-up view of the regiment were typical of many other units. Perhaps because it was written soon after the events described, it is more realistic than some other regimental histories. Certainly it does not draw a glamorous picture of soldiering.

SAM LARY'S SCRAPS FROM MY NAPSACK

No. 1

In compliance with the request of my friends of our regiment, no less than in conformity with my own pleasure, I now undertake the task of outlining the services during this war, as I may be enabled to cull them from the multitude of *scraps* on file in a "sly little nook" of my old *knapsack*.

Incapable to the task, as I know myself to be, I should have hesitated before committing them to the uncertain tide of public

opinion, but this desire of my friends has prevailed over all squeamishness, and now such as I have "I give unto thee." If I have not succeeded, I am by no means the first person who has misjudged his powers, "*qui magnis exedit ausis*;" and can reflect for my own comfort, that laudable *projects* are perhaps the *whole* that lies within the *narrow* circle or the talents of the bulk of mortals; and against the advice of Bobby Burns, have not endeavored to disguise my pen.

"Conceal yourself as wael's you can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection."

Old Sam Long, the clown, very quaintly observed, as he bounded into the circle sacred to sawdust and summersets — "Here we are, and now, what do you think of us?" But introductions, like low fences, are made to be jumped, and that man is working to little purpose indeed who spends much time on either. *Seripsi*.

We do not claim a general interest for these notes — the material is local, and confined to the members and immediate friends of the regiment, and if they do not add another leaf to the laurel wreath of the living, they will, at least, serve to revive into our minds the richest heritage of a people — the memory of the patriotic dead, a recurrence to those whose virtues and heroic deeds creates an emulation that develops the master points of a nation's greatness.

In some countries, triumphal arches and speaking marble are needed to recall the names of their virtuous dead — but not so with us. The spirits that gave birth to our rising little republic will never be forgotten. Marble may crumble and canvas rot, but the story of their self-sacrificing devotion will pass from sire to son to the latest hour of our country's existence.

"Frail things may pass, their fame can never die,
Rescued from fate by immortality."

Comrades! We have walked with you under the embowering laurel and olive, and must, sooner or later, sleep with you beneath the cypress shade. We were with you in the pride of all your strength before rentless hand of disease or death had invaded your ranks. We have seen you vigorous and exultant and we have seen you, depressed by the most disheartening difficulties; we have seen you struggle with adversity, repel the hand that would bind you with fetters, drive back the invader and trample on laws that would have made you slaves; we have followed you through your long and fatiguing marches, lingered around your silent *bivouacs*, and are today proud to join you in the shout of a grateful people applauding your victories. Your cup of fame is full — from Cross Keys to Gettysburg—from the Susquehannah to the James, your brothers sleep in glory to-day — men — *patriots* — who

“Leave in battle no blot on their name,

Looked proudly to Heaven from their deathbeds of fame.”

Hereafter it will delight you to “fight your battles o’er again,” what’er the pain endured; and you will be pleased when —

“With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the vet’ran’s breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender fingers twines
Those scattered locks, that, with the flight
Of *ninety* years are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, ‘Grandpa, what wounded you?’ ”

No. 2

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly in deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,

That host with their banners at sunset is seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morn lay withered and strown."

When the tocsin of the war, which under the blessing of God, has thus far resulted so triumphantly to our arms, was first sounded by South Carolina, calling upon the votaries of freedom and constitutional equality to rally around the standard of our rights, its echo was still ringing along the seaboard and mountain, when Alabama caught up the trumpet and blew a blast so loud that the heart of the old Union leaped and the American continent trembled from centre to extremity.

Already had Southern territory been once invaded with brand, and the hoary old traitor who professed "Sharpe's Rifle" a "better moral agent than the Bible" had expiated his crime upon a gibbet at Harper's Ferry. For a time this summer and most righteous judgment lulled the country into a fancied security. — "Peace be still" was spoken to the troubled waters of faction and the credulous patriot began to hope a return to the "purer and better days of the Republic." The bow of peace again spanned the political sky, promising a full fruition to our most sanguine hopes. But this we say was a false security. The plow of destiny had upturned a furrow in which were sown the seed of a future republic, and the mutterings of the coming storm were soon heard in the distance. Along the Northern horizon, once calm and serene, the free-soil god now rolls his deafening thunder — while upon the broad, silvery Heavens of the South, a cloud, pregnant with fury, is emitting its ominous lightnings.

The election of Abraham Lincoln upon the principles of avowed hostility to the "peculiar institution" of the South culminated an antagonism of feeling which no pacification could allay, followed as it was by an inaugural no less disgraceful to his own people than ruinous to us. — Unwilling to remain in the Union which no longer promised her protection and true to the prestige of her fair name, South Carolina asserted her sovereignty. Florida, Mississippi, Alabama and others followed her lead, while others yet loth to abandon the craft, frightened as she was with

the pleasant memories and hollowed associations of eighty prosperous years, still clung with devoted, though despairing tenacity to her sinking fortunes. — But “the die is cast.” Matters had approached a crisis; the spirit of resentment was being fanned into a flame; a dark and bloody cloud was hovering over the land and the great question was soon to be decided whether we should be slaves or free men, whether we should be branded with the stigma of rebellion, or handed down to posterity as a free and independent people.

One by one the faltering States wheeled into line, each an integral part of that great whole, which in its palmier days had humbled the pride of the most powerful nation on earth. and by prowess alone made the proud boast that “the roll of the English drum may be heard from the rising to the setting sun” “a mere tale of the past.”

Virginia, of all others, stood most passive. Into which scale would she step? Would she follow those “wayward children” of the South, or take shelter in the old edifice, consecrated by her best blood and embellished with her proudest names? Her breast had nurtured the best and greatest of men, who, it has been eloquently said “no people could claim — no country appropriate,” and though, for sixty years, he has rested in death on the banks of the majestic Potomac, his last address to his country — the richest legacy ever bequeathed a nation — was stamped indelibly upon their hearts. She was the cherished home and last resting place of a noble band of patriot sages whose genius polished the magnificent edifice of Republicanism *his* own great arm had reared. The mother of statesmen — she is also the mother of States. They were her sons who penetrated the Southern wilderness, and it was their energy that made it “blossom as the rose.” She saw these children of her solicitude assume the *toga* derness, and it was their energy that made it “blossom as the *virilis*, the perfect in the symmetry of manhood—bold in the assertion of their rights, and powerful to sustain them in every extremity and to the last resort. Years ago when the great Carolinian, whose prescient mind had scanned the future, and “snuffed the battle afar off” first inaugurated the policy of Southern redemp-

tion he was threatened with Federal bayonets. Gov. Floyd, of Virginia, dared even then to "beard the Douglas in his hall" and roundly swore that the foot of a Federal soldier should never pollute the soil of his State towards the coercion of South Carolina; and at a very recent date when the iron heel of the despot was brutishly placed upon the neck of prostrate Maryland, and Northern Goths under Alaric the ingrate, were howling along her border — "freedom to the slave and death to the master" — Virginia met them at the threshold, and though dark and smoking ruins marked the habitations of her citizens, she has proved by h(er) conduct that though her soil may be overrun the spirit of her people is invincible."

The struggle began. Lincoln cried "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war." The scum of Europe and the *refusio societatis* of the North rallied in loving fraternity under the potent and irresistible charm of the original "thirty-two;" while upon the other side thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic southerners were flocking to the new ensign of liberty, the banner of the "lone star" which arose undimmed in the cloud of the world's despotism — which a thousand victories has since consecrated, and to every fold of which increasing years will add additional lustre. Heaven set it bravely before us. Let it, this zenith star, serene in its high sphere, and radiant with the focal splendors of thirteen revolving orbs, continue its brightness undimmed to our vision, and never shall our footsteps be dark for the want of guidance, or our hearts sad for an anthem of thanksgiving. Here they volunteered irrespective of class and regardless of position. There was a common interest in the common cause. The farmer turned his plow-share — the physician laid aside his *materia medica* — the judge his ermine — the man of God his sacerdotal robe, and the lawyer no longer burned the midnight taper over the musty pages of Coke upon Littleton. The father tore himself from the parting embrace of his wife and the pleading endearments of his children; the young husband from the cherished "idol of his life and heart," and sanctified with a tear the fervent "God bless you" that trembled from her lips — young Corydon snatched a passionate kiss from his weeping Alexis, and old age

bedewed the brow of youth as he prepared for the harvest of death, and bade him

“Wear back his shield,
Or be borne on it from the battle-field.”

Cities, towns, villages and cross roads were vocal with the music of drum and fife. Clayton, Jones, Lomax, Seibles⁴ and other gallant Alabamians were in the field with splendid commands. The first great battle of the war had been fought on the now historic plains of Manassas, and the ruthless invader driven pell-mell to Washington. The 4th Alabama stood conspicuous among the various regiments which immortalized themselves on that eventful field. The sequel will tell how successfully its example has been emulated.

No. 3

In the month of June, 1861, Captain James Cantey,⁵ of Russell county, Ala., raised a company of volunteers, and under authority, called for nine other companies to unite with him and form a regiment. The requisite number of companies was soon tendered and requested to rendezvous at Fort Mitchell, long famous as the Baldenburg of the two sister States. It is a delightful camping ground. The iron horse⁶ prances by us daily, and the Chattahoochee, in which we often indulge aquatic sports, rolls its feculent waters within a mile of us. With this — pleasant rides with Bob Coleman — and a liberal discussion of many delicacies provided by home and neighboring friends and gratuitously transported, through the courtesy of Wm. H. Mitchell, Esq., the generous and patriotic President of the road — life passes as “merry as a marriage feast.”⁷

Captain Cantey is in temporary command of the encampment. His residence is adjacent and he dispenses his liberality profusely and impartially. He is generously assisted in this good work by his benevolent father-in-law, Col. Sam Benton. The Colonel is a perfect specimen of the Southern gentleman, and many of us carry with us substantial tokens of his kindness, while all bear in pleasing remembrance a lively appreciation of his

personal merit and pure patriotism. But, despite the good treatment we are receiving here, the men are becoming restless. Many of them live in proximity of the railroad, and are daily on the route to or from their homes; while many others are in Columbus all day fighting a more dangerous enemy than the Yankees, and

“Return at night
In lordly plight,

to discuss the lives of the “four kings,” by the light of a camp fire. Notwithstanding this freedom from restraint, they are yet impatient.⁸ Like young Norval, they have

“Heard of war

And long to follow to the tented field.”

* * * * *

Order at last came out of chaos, and on the organization of the regiment the following field officers were elected:

Colonel — James Cantey, Russell co., Ala.

Lt. Colonel — John F. Treutlen, of Barbour county, Ala.

Major — John W. L. Daniel, of Barbour co., Ala.

Staff Officers

Dr. Frank Stanford, of Columbus, Ga., Surgeon; Dr. W. G. Drake, of Barbour county, Ala., Assistant Surgeon; Capt. Tom Woolfolk, of Russell county, Ala., Quartermaster; James Verney, of Columbus, Ga., Commissary; Lieut. Lock Weems, of Macon county, Ala., Adjutant; Van Marcus, of Columbus, Ga., Serjeant Major; C. V. Smith, of Columbus, Ga., Color-bearer.

The following is a list of the captains of the different companies, to which in some future letter we will append the names of the other commissioned, non commissioned officers and privates:

Co. A, Capt. Alec Lothar, Russell county, Ala.; Co. B, Capt. J.B. Feagin, Barbour co., Ala.; Co. C, P.V. Guerrey, Macon co., Ala.; Co. D, (Moses) Worthington, Barbour co., Ala.; Co. E, (Esau) Brooks, Dale co., Ala.; Co. F, (Ben H.) Lewis, Pike Co., Ala.; Co. G, Wm. C. Oates, Henry co., Ala.; Co. H, Wm. N. Richardson, Barbour co., Ala.; Co. I, Ben Gardner, Pike co., Ala.; Co. K, Henry Hart, Barbour co., Ala.

On a fine August morning, as fair and fragrant, as jewelled with dews and melted with sunbeams, as ever was born of night, the regiment commenced its move to Richmond — Hitherto we had regarded wars as a pastime. We knew none of its severities — none of its horrors. The novelty and excitement of the life had drawn our thoughts from the serious channel. — We had been stationed at a place from which we could run home at pleasure, unrestricted by the discipline which severe experience now made us respect. In the future, if the war continued, we only saw an exhausted treasury — checked improvements and fettered commerce. We did not look behind to see the cycle of blood and devastation that was rising upon our country. Still, half the story of war's miseries is not read on the battle field. We did not see once sunny homes hung for years with the drapery of mourning; we did not see the hearts that would sicken and die; their earthly futures made bland and desolate; the orphans that would be made and left to grope their early ways through this world of temptations and snares, without guides and, it may be, without friends; we did not see the rivers of tears, the million of shattered hopes, nor the ages of deep, heart-bleeding anguish. Not so with the less sanguine friends we were leaving behind. They saw this and more, and though conscious that all could not return — that poisoned dew from the wing of the death angel would fall upon many a son of hope as he hovered over the camp of the brave, hope, the beacon star of life, the last to linger in Pandora's box, lightened their hearts and drove back the rising tear reproved.

Owing to the difficulty of transportation, the regiment had to proceed to Richmond in three divisions.⁹ The first was under command of Major Daniel; the second under Col. Cantey in person; and the last under Lieut. Col. Treutlen. We pass silently

the patriotic and flattering receptions given the different detachments of the regiment en route,¹⁰ and locate ourselves at the second encampment, "Griffen Springs," one and a half miles east of Richmond. This is truly a delightful location. Springs large and plentiful are gushing rapidly out of rocks or quietly oozing from the sides of the hill. The purity of the waters, their murmuring flow, and the green enamel of moss and flowering plants to which the refreshing virtues of their streams give birth, combine to make it an enviable place. The hero of the Odyssey has sung the praise of the dark waters of Arethusa, and inspiration may delight to linger near Syrian wells, and the fabled fount in whose pelucid waters the Delphian Pythoness laved her limbs, but we doubt if the world has produced or fancy conceived a picture which, in every essential, surpassed the reality here.¹¹ In awful contrast to all its virtues of water and scenery our camp is upon the border of a small stream which has at some time past overflowed the neighboring country. This deposit of water has given birth to myriads of mosquitoes, which, at evening, rise like a mighty cloud from their marshy beds to precipitate themselves upon our devoted camps. Talk about the plagues of Egypt! I will compromise for any amount of frogs or locusts, and take fleas by way of variety, but defend me from mosquitoes. These fellows, too, are of the regular gallinipper tribe of which old soldiers who have seen service in the everglades of Florida, tell such wondrous tales.

To repulse this army of invasion we made fires and hovered around them in the smoke until our eyes were literally "fountains of tears;" but though whole battalions were suffocated and perished in the flames, millions rushed in to fill their places and renew the fight. Finding it impossible to remain by the camp fires, we would roll ourselves in a blanket covering our head so completely as to exclude not only the mosquitoes, but the air, and thus remained in a state of partial suffocation, listening to the shrill war song of our assailants until the cooler winds of midnight forced them to leave the field and take refuge in their oozy entrenchments.

No. 4

Our last notes located the regiment at Griffin Springs. Since our arrival here the Rev. Dr. Canon (if we are correct in orthography) of Dale county, Alabama, has been appointed to the regiment.¹² It is a judicious appointment, for he is a *good* man — untrammelled and unstained with any qualifying adjectives. His talents are more than usually fall to the common herd. They are highly cultivated and fit him to adorn any position to which he may aspire. His ambition, however, is to do good to his fellow-man. To this all the energies of his mind and heart are directed. Holding sincerely to the distinctive principles of his own denomination, he can yet see in every man a brother. The road to heaven is not, in his opinion, over one narrow plank which alone must be trodden in conformity with the creeds and symbols of certain men in order to reach it. Where disease or sorrow exists there is he found, nor are his attentions confined to particular friends or companies — it is enough for him to know that pain and suffering exists to draw him to its home. In humble imitation of his divine Master, “he goes about doing good.”

“Beside the bed where parting life is laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay’d,
The rev’rend champion stands. At his control
Despair and anguish flee the struggling soul;
Comfort comes down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt’ring accents whisper praise.”

The effects of his teachings are apparent — universal respect and esteem awaits him whenever he approaches — the careless, the indifferent, the profane, all award him a consistency of life; and conduct in keeping with the doctrines and principles he enforces; yet, with all his energy and devotion to his calling, he is no bigot, no ascetic.

The wing of time never wearies. The seventeen days we were destined to pass at Griffin came and went just as days have always done, and we commenced the move. The regiment now numbers about twelve hundred. On arriving in the city it was

halted in front of the President's mansion and welcomed by the Chief Executive in a short but very complimentary speech. A richer treat awaited us at the depot of the Central Railroad. There it was received by the Governor elect of Alabama, Hon. John Gill Shorter, in one of the most pathetic speeches we ever heard. Ah! it did our hearts good to hear this gifted son of our State, speaking so eloquently and earnestly of freemen's rights, in sight, of the consecrated spot where the great Henry, over eighty years ago, made the House of Burgesses tremble like an aspen leaf before his terrible denunciations of the British King and Parliament and their tyrannical acts, and made classic the sentiment — the living, breathing sentiment — "Give me liberty or give me death."¹³

No. 5

Our orders at Richmond were to stop at Gainesville, a station on the Central Railroad eight miles from Manassas, but for some reason the regiment halted here only twenty-four hours, and noon of the second day finds us snugly encamped in an open prairie field two and a half miles distant. Here the 15th Alabama, Colonel Cantey, — the 16th Mississippi, Col. Posey, — the 21st Georgia, Colonel Mercer, and the 21st North Carolina, Colonel Kirkland, were formed into a Brigade and known as the 7th Brigade of the Army of the Potomac. The Mississippi Regiment was well officered and one of the finest in the service. From a full regiment sickness and desertion had reduced the 21st North Carolina to less than four hundred. It is now suffering severely with measles, and the contagion has already spread through the Brigade. The impurity of the water at this place has induced Colonel Cantey to have tents struck and move a mile and a half west to Pageland in Prince William county. Here the same monotony marks the appearance of the country! It is undulating prairie much resembling Western Missouri and Kansas lands, save it now and then skirted with wood, though like them the keen vision is sometimes exhausted in the broad and boundless expanse spread before it.¹⁴ * * *

"Pageland" is a name long to be remembered by the members and friends of the "15th Alabama regiment." 'Tis here the

reaper commenced the harvest of death which had already gathered and still continues to reap the choicest heads in the regiment. Young Dr. Thornton of Eufaula was the first who fell, and the arrow could not have pierced a nobler victim.¹⁵ Beneath the genial rays of a mild September moon his sun-browned comrades consigned him to the solitude of his Virginia home. The rumbling clods sounded his funeral dirge, and the evening zephyr sang his last sad requiem. Many have followed. Beneath the soil of Prince William, now slumber in quiet repose, secure from summer's heat and winter's cold, from the cares of life and shock of strife, the noblest and best of the regiment.¹⁶ We have seen some welcome the "grim monster" with a smile and "shake off this mortal coil" as if "composing themselves to pleasant slumbers." Others would grapple with him as if reluctant to yield the life they had consecrated to battle — and what was it for? was it that they might devote it to their temporal affairs or to the consolation of their friends? Was it that they might prepare themselves to meet the judgment at the bar of God? No! no! none of these. important — *unspeakably* important — though they be; yet this hour — this last hour of their lives — did they wish to sacrifice upon the altar of their country for their country's salvation. Others get forgetful of time or place and fearless alike of death or its consequences, turn their dying thoughts to home and friends, and their latest breath sends a fervent aspiration to the widow's husband and orphan's friend in behalf of his helpless wife and tender babes. Though natural that they should regard death, there is one and only one thought that narrows their souls. No one, however humble or renowned, is willing to be numbered with the dead of a stranger land. When sickness comes and death threatens, the thought of home is ever uppermost in the mind, and a wish exists to be buried with their fathers and the companies of their youth. Nor is this feeling peculiar to age or station. The philosopher — the statesman — the warrior — the mechanic — the husbandman, are all alike anxious to repose beneath the turf of their native land. The missionary himself — the messenger of God — though conscious that heaven is as near and just as accessible from Ceylon or India, as from points more civilized, feels reluctant to be buried on a foreign shore. Like Jacob, he would love to lie with his kindred in the land which

gave him birth. Like him, he wishes to repose by the side of his father, or slumber upon the bosom of a companion beloved, in the grave where the eyes of his kindred may fall upon his tomb; as the sun beams come down upon the solitudes of the wilderness. The sound of their footsteps about the place of his repose, and the song and warble of the birds of his own native woods, are anxiously desired by the dying stranger in a foreign land! A home feeling is predominant to the last — “a love of country causes all to cherish tender recollections of the past, and kindred and friends.” An unconquerable preference exists which is as resistless as the waves of the sea or as the rocks upon the shore which repel the coming billows of the ocean; and omnipotence of inclination which rises upon the brink of death, as the light-house towers upon the coast, to direct the mariner to a harbor of repose. But they are gone, and —

Small care to them the place afford,
The earth throughout is all the Lord's

We indulge the hope that honor is theirs — and glory; if not on earth, in that glorious realm to which the redeemed are winging their flight from every point on this rolling sphere, with a shout of triumph which heightens the raptures of heaven and sends a thrill of horror through the prisons of the damned.

Safe at last on the mount of God, they look down with interest upon our young Republic and will continue observant of its destiny through coming time.

No. 6.

In less than six weeks over one hundred of the regiment were buried — sleeping the death sleep — from which no sound can ever disturb them until the great awaking morn when

“The trump shall sound in the Valley of bones.”

We have seen it somewhere stated that, after the close of the Mexican war, a certain regiment of volunteers was sent up the river, in order to be disbanded at..... On their way up, one of the poor sick fellows died. The boat was hauled up alongside a wood-yard, a rough coffin made, and a file of

men, with drum and fife, proceeded a short distance into the timber, where a grave had been hastily dug, to pay the last sad respect to the dead soldier. One of his companions, also much wasted with the disease, that so fearfully decimated their ranks, staggered ashore to accompany the detachment, but being too weak to follow, seated himself on a log, and with his face buried in his hands on hearing the "Dead March" played by the drum and fife, gave vent to a torrent of tears. Almost in sight of home, the thought that his turn would probably come next, overpowered the weak nerves of the soldier. While sorrowing thus, he was rudely accosted by a rough woodsman.

"I say, stranger! I reckon you've hearn that tune afore, time of the war,"

"Heard it," answered the poor fellow, as he looked up at his interlocutor through his tears; "hear it did you say? *Why the very birds learned to sing it in Mexico!*"

The "Dead March" was so frequently played that an inquiry as to who was dead was rarely made.

On the 9th September, 1861, the regiment was ordered from Pageland to Centreville. The sick, numbering near three hundred, were left behind under the care of Lt. Thomas J. Nuckolls of Company A.¹⁷

Having to pass on their march immediately by the famous Manassas battle-field, we were permitted to stroll over the grounds. It is a pitiable sight. The field is covered with the half decayed and partially devoured carcasses of man and beast — all of which speak in dumb eloquence of "man's inhumanity" and plead trumpet tongued against "the deep damnation of this taking off." Here is a disentombed carcass, the sole relic perhaps of a once devoted and happy husband, there the only legacy of a widowed wife and orphaned children. The silent buzzard has long since ceased his circle, and the gluttonous hog gone in search of a more fastidious feast. How many hopes, the morning buoyant, went down with the evening sun, or how many souls

took their flight, on that day, from this field of blood to that upper and better country where sin and sorrow are never known — or below, where Pollock says

“Gravitation ceases,
And downward turns its way” —

the record of Heaven alone will tell.

Our encampment at Centreville is the same that was occupied by the Federals just before being let to the Manasses slaughter pen. In the centre of the encampment stands the identical poplar on which they hoisted the old flag. It is really annoying to observe the amount of curiosity that exists in some natures, and the importance they are disposed to attach to unimportant things. Scarcely had we stacked arms before some of the boys had ascended the tree and taken a view of the surrounding country — while others more fond of gossiping than curiosity hunting are seated at its base detailing prospective deeds of prowess, and drinking whiskey from tin canteens with as much gusto as did the Scandinavians (*sic*) of old blood from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's hall.

A chip of bark from this old tree is cherished as sacredly as if it had been the repository of a second *charter*—while a ball extracted from the body of a horse lying where Sherman's battery was fought—a splinter from a post which marks the spot where a Colonel fell—a nail from the shoe of Beauregard's dead horse—or a splinter from the floor of the house in which the old octogenarian and traitorous Henry was killed is treasured more sacredly than a family Bible with all its treasures of wisdom and gems of thought. Though in addition to this, it contains the insignificant little matter of a genealogical and mortuary register of a dozen generations, the story is repeated so often the relic becomes associated with the individual. Hence the multitudinous number of modern horses.¹⁸

No. 7.

Centreville is an old dilapidated looking place, forcibly reminding us of Goldsmith's picture of the "deserted village." Its only redeeming feature is a neat and beautiful little church—the same in which the eccentric Dow is said to have resorted to the strategy of finding the stolen wedge. Even this did not escape the barbarisms of the ruthless invaders, who desecrated its walls with all manner of obscene writing and caricatures. We transcribe:—Above the pulpit some dought knight of a Yankee who had been sipping of Helicon, wrote:

"The Yankees who these walls deface,
Will meet the rebels face to face."

This bears a date a few days before the battle of Bull Run. On their famous rout our victorious troops overhauled a number of them at this place, whereupon some wag of a rebel wrote under the above:—

"The Yankees came in all their might
To teach we rebels how to fight:
On the 21st, we had some fun,
And double quick-um from Bull Run."*

The Brigade is commanded by Gen. George B. Crittenden.¹⁹ He was formerly a member of the Federal army corps.—is a native of Kentucky, and graduate of West Point, of the class of 1832. He was appointed 2nd Lieutenant in the 4th Infantry in that year, but resigned from the army in the Spring of 1833. At the opening of the Mexican war he was appointed Captain of a corps of mounted riflemen, and commissioned on the 26th of May 1846. For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreras and Cherebusco, on the 20th of August, 1847, he was brevetted Major; on the 29th of December he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. There is considerable dissatisfaction in the Brigade to this appointment. But the sins of the father should not be visited upon the son, and we, for one, can scarcely question the patriotism of one in whose veins courses kindred blood

with the noble Crittenden whose dying boast was that he knelt only to his God. Though intemperate and often rash, the cause he espoused in the beginning of hostilities, and the independent and selfsacrificing course pursued by him, go far in extenuation of his faults. * * * *

The famous line of Byron, descriptive of the alarm which fell upon Belgium's "beauty and chivalry" when in the midst of voluptuous revelry the deep sound of the cannon al (*sic*) Waterloo broke upon their ear, might be, we imagine, quite as appropriately applied to Washington when, on the morning of the 12th of September, the booming of cannon was borne from a Confederate battery, firing into an encampment not five miles from the city. "For ten days past our generals on the Potomac," says an army correspondent, "have been offering them battle with every aggravation of insult, by flirting the Stars and Bars in full view of their capitol. But the enemy has meekly pocketed the insult, by keeping himself secure behind his entrenchments, and listening with complacency, if not with satisfaction, to our bands playing the provoking air of "Dixie."—The firing was heard by us with perfect distinctness, and being the first we had heard, it created quite a sensation."

On the 16th, heavy cannonading was again heard in the direction of Munson's Hill. Orders for moving came immediately, and in twenty minutes all who were able were on the move to the scene of action; but the invincible pluck of the Southerners was equal to the emergency, and Longstreet and Bonham had driven back the invaders before reinforcements arrived.

Below it were these—

“Whoever wrote this

Wrote it well.

The same is written

On the gates of hell.”

*This is not quite so good as was gotten off by a rebel out west. When the Yankees had possession of Saltillo, this line was written in a good style over the door of one of the public houses—
“None but Union Men admitted here.”

No. 8

By selecting healthy locations the Colonel has endeavored to preserve the health of the regiment; but measles has been industriously circulating for over a month, and those it has spared are entirely incapacitated for duty. With this many other diseases incident to camps have made their respective innovations—'till pneumonia, rheumatism, jaundice and the thousand other "ills the flesh is heir to" have killed or temporarily disabled two-thirds of the command. The regimental hospital is established at Haymarket, Prince William County—a healthy locality, with a comfortable brick church furnished with every obtainable accommodation which can contribute to the comfort of the suffering. The place was selected by Dr. Stanford²⁰ with especial care to its convenience, who, though the regulations require his personal attendance upon the regiment, neglects no opportunity to provide for the well-doing of the invalids. All of his time and talent is devoted to his profession and the amelioration of the suffering. Day by day we see him on his rounds of mercy from the rising of the sun until "the going down thereof," and from dark until midnight, in fair weather and foul, and oh! ungrateful humanity; we hear him abuse the remaining six. He is cursed for not ordering men to duty, and cursed for ordering them—he is cursed for his vigor and cursed for his laxity; yet, conscious of the faithful and impartial discharge of his duties, he falters not in his good works, but toils on, and receives his reward at last in mute, though grateful thanks, as he stands by the humble couch of the convalescent, or kneels by the pallet of the dying soldier.²¹

On the 18th we moved to Camp To/o/mbs, within three miles of Fairfax,²² where we were well supplied, with wood and an abundance of pure water, but for some, to us, unaccountable reasons, rations were falling alarmingly short. Yesterday we drew meat; it was certainly meat, but what sort of meat? neither fish, fowl or bacon—beef it might have been—we say *might*—"Bones" swore it was horse meat pickled—in confirmation of which he exhibited a nail that he found in his soup. "Bones" passed it around; we-all looked, as did the *virtuoso* at the fly in his amber.

“Not that the thing was either rich or rare—
But wondered how the devil it got there.”

What! Horse meat! The very thought was revolting. The idea furnished ample material for contemplation. We had heard of such things. David tells some story of the kind, I believe; we remember the chorus of a nautical melody, deservedly popular among seamen, which with a slight variation begins:—

“Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
From Saracen’s head to Portland pier;
I’ve carted stone this many a year;
They’ve pickled me down for soldier’s use.”

And so through forty lines of doggrel.—But the contemplation of horse meat as an edible had been with us but an abstract idea, which we had never contemplated putting into practice. Now, however, the thing was tangible. To eat, or not to eat became “the question,” and after due consideration, hunger arguing the case on one side, with strong necessity for an advocate, and fastidiousness taking the opposite, with prejudice for a backer, we came to the conclusion that we neither could, would, nor should eat horse meat. In accordance with this valorous decision we stood aloof and went to bed supperless. But all in vain; for hunger is a weightier reasoner and gained the day at last. We stood about like a Trojan for four and twenty hours, and then gave in with as good grace as possible to a meal of *pickled beef*—the first we had ever eaten. Such fare went hard at first with many, but they soon became reconciled and enjoyed it finely.

“Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
Any quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.

Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind
All the wide world over.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish,
To reveal amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish
That holds a golden plover.

Yet if our table be spread
With bacon and with hot corn-bread,
Be thankful if we are always fed,
As well the wide world over."

No. 9.

On the day following the evacuation of Camp Toombs it was reliably reported that the enemy was advancing in heavy force. Our pickets immediately fell back to Fairfax. The enemy continued his advance, and on the evening of the 17th his advance guard appeared in a half mile of the town. A small detachment, advancing cautiously, had occupied an old house about four hundred yards from us.

Lieut. Col. Treutlen now rode forward to inspect the position and inform himself of their forces. A few of the Virginia Cavalry, having long range guns, were ordered to fire upon the house. The enemy hastily abandoned without returning the fire, but it soon appeared that their seeming retreat was only a decoy. They had not gone more than two hundred yards before they were joined by a considerable force which had been secreted in a thick grove of underwood.

It was now known that Fairfax was to be abandoned to the enemy and the greatest consternation seized the frantic inhabitants of the place. Houses were stripped of their valuables—horses and cattle were driven from the barnyards and every vehicle that rolled on wheels was pressed into service. A graphic writer says—that for once the quiet old town, in whose streets the grass had grown since Lord Fairfax trod them, was turned upside down.

Regiment after regiment filed through; long trains of transport wagons, droves of lowing beeves, cavalcades of horses,

batteries of artillery, companies and squads of marching men and lines of stragglers, singing snatches of familiar songs, passed by in orderly march. Large bonfires were blazing on every side of the road, sending up masses of smoke which blackened the atmosphere. Heavy black clouds gathered themselves overhead as if to prepare for an orderly retreat, and the gibbous moon, like the goddess Juno in her silver chariot, came out to chase the dark battalions from the sky.

The 15th, covering the retreat, was the last to with-draw, but again halted in a half mile of the village at the junction of the Centreville and Leesburg roads.—Now commenced falling just such a rain as it knows how to rain only in Virginia. Picket posts had been placed, and the men not immediately on duty grouped beneath bush and tree for partial protection, but “divil the good it does ye’es” said Cousin John. The weather dissipated all hopes of repose, and we were standing cold, wet and weary when the hurried gallop of a horse splashing through the mud and the familiar voice of our commissary shouting lustily—“The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!” We were soon formed and on as dark a night as ever shrouded the earth, through a pelting rain and along a road ten inches deep in mud, we followed the retreat, which now commence, resulting, not two months later, in the evacuation of Manassas by our army. We were marched a mile and halted near Germantown. Large fires were built around which we hovered, and despite the weather, were soon asleep.—Awakening, the sombre clouds no longer lowered above us, but a deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Beautiful stars! there is a beating human pulse which answers to our heart in your incessant twinkling. We look up at you and feel that you would seem more the confidential friends you really are, if you were shining down upon us with a rigid light, and withheld from the eyes of far-off friends the joy which you give to our own.

We were now ordered to check the advance of the army if possible, and to this purpose commenced throwing up barricades. The order was soon countermanded, and we fell back to Ayer’s farm, where we were relieved by the 1st Kentucky and returned to Centreville.

Centreville! What a change! There are no less than seventy regiments here. Tents are spread as far as the eye can reach. The enemy in heavy numbers are within eight miles and slowly advancing. The boil has nearly come to a head. The future is pregnant with events of momentous importance. No one doubts that the time has come when the final and decisive blow is to be struck for our independence. The bayonets of three hundred thousand Southern soldiers glitter in the sun-light of heaven and telegraphic wires are tremulous with events of terrible moment, and quiver as the nerves of our little giant republic bends all her energies, and summons all her resources to the fearful arena, where her fate and the destiny of her unborn children vibrate among the chances of war and the fluctuations of human fallibility. The writer before quoted tells us—that in the dark days of the revolution strong men quailed; 'tis no wonder now that paleness sits on the countenances of many. It is a "time to try men's souls." Woe unto him who shrinks from this ordeal—this whirlpool of blood which will swallow up every other interest. There is now no retreat, "*forward march*" is the command of fate, and the utterance of the God of battles. We will have to pay dear for the great boon of independence—it will cost us all our gems and gold—it will cost us the blood of our bravest men, poured out like water on the insatiate earth, where the soil is already red with the remembrance of departed heroes. It is no time to count the cost; we must succeed if we come out of the contest with naught but our naked and bleeding bodies—we must persist though it were revealed from the heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine must perish and only one of a thousand survive, and retain his liberty! One such freeman must possess more virtue than a thousand slaves. Then let nothing be surrendered—yea, let mountains of cotton be burned 'till the giant flames lick the sky, rather than be subjugated. Words are vain! Action is now the watchword. There is not a star in the firmament of hope that is not eclipsed with the shifting clouds of fate. If we are faithful these shadows will disappear and the pure orb of a higher destiny shine more beautifully upon us. Let us bow meekly to receive this baptism of blood. God is with us—for us—and the prayers of our sainted women ascend earlier each dawning day, than the white mist of the mountain—and later at eve,

than the fall of dew, which symbolizes the returning blessings showered upon our unhappy country.

FOOTNOTES

¹They appeared March 23, 26, 31, April 8, 13, 17, 24, May 1, 8, 1864, after which date no others have been found. The only complete file of the *Daily Columbus Enquirer* is in the library of Emory University.

²The Record Roll is in the Department of Archives and History, Montgomery. William C. Oates, *The War Between the Union and the Confederacy and Its Last Opportunities with a History of the 15th Alabama Regiment and the Forty-Eight Battles in Which It Was Engaged* (New York, 1905), 600.

³Joseph Wheeler, "Alabama," in *Confederate Military History*, Clement A. Evans, editor, 12 vols. (Atlanta, 1899), VII 102-06.

Colonel Henry D. Clayton, who ultimately became a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, commanded the First Alabama Infantry which was "the first in Alabama to enlist for one year, the first to re-enlist, and has the distinction of having served . . . from the beginning to the end of the conflict." Colonel Egbert J. Jones, who fell at First Manassas, commanded the Fourth Alabama Regiment, organized at Dalton, Georgia, May, 1861, which numbered 202 men when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Colonel Tennet Lomax, who was killed at Seven Pines, commanded the Second Alabama Regiment, Col. John J. Seibels, a veteran of the Mexican War, commanded the Sixth Alabama Regiment, organized at Montgomery, May, 1861. *Ibid.*, 39, 52, 57, 61, 72.

⁵James Cantey (1818-1874) was born in Camden, South Carolina, the son of John and Emma Susanna (Richardson) Cantey. He graduated from South Carolina College in 1833 and was in 1840 admitted to the bar. After service as a second lieutenant in the famed Palmetto Regiment in the War with Mexico, Cantey settled in Russell County, Alabama, where he was a planter. He married in 1858, Martha Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Crowell and Mary (Hunter) Benton. Cantey was colonel of the 15th Alabama Regiment and on January 8, 1863, was created a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army. Following his surrender at Durham's Station, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865, he resumed planting and continued in that occupation until his death in 1874 at Fort Mitchell. Thomas M. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama History*, 4 vols. (Chicago, 1921), III, 296; Wheeler, "Alabama," 397.

⁶This was the Columbus Railroad which ran from Union Springs to Opelika where it connected with the Montgomery and the West Point Railroads, *Ibid.*, Map of Alabama in 1860. This comment is in error. This was the Mobile and Girard R. R. (Editor)

⁷Mitchell B. Houghton, a member of Company H, wrote: "I do not remember any incidents of importance while we were at Fort Mitchell except several men were drowned in the river while bathing and the daily

visits of the ladies to our camp and the constant drill and daily dress parade." William R. Houghton and Mitchell B. Houghton, *Two Boys in the Civil War and After* (Montgomery, 1912), 7, 19-20.

⁸"Col. Cantey made a rigid disciplinarian, so we thought, for the experience of military life was novel and somewhat humiliating. We were uniformed in Confederate gray and had new tents and necessary equipment. The regiment was a fine and soldierly body of a thousand strong." *Ibid.*, 19.

⁹"During the first week in August the Colonel received orders to take his regiment to Richmond, Va., and we began to move in divisions of two companies." Oates, *History*, 74.

¹⁰"... Scarcely a house was passed by our train in daytime but the handkerchiefs were waived by fair hands from doors and windows. At Augusta, Ga., the patriotic ladies of that beautiful city had in waiting for us a most excellent breakfast, spread upon long board tables extemporised for the purpose, with barrels of ice water and lemonade distributed at convenient intervals; and while the rough-looking soldier boys swarmed about the tables and enjoyed the luxuries prepared for them, the ladies were all among them..." *Ibid.*, 75.

¹¹"When we arrived at Richmond, which had been the Confederate Capital for about two months, we were marched to a camp about one mile below the "Rockets," on the north side of the James River, and within sight of the grave, on the right bank, of old Powhatan, the great Indian prince, the father of Pocahontas,A small creek flowed past our camp on the north side, and some ravines and parts of the river on the other made our camp on a sort of island, with an abundance of drinking water close at hand." *Ibid.*

¹²This good parson is unidentifiable. Peter A. Brannon, Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, to the editor, June 1, 1955.

¹³St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church.

¹⁴"About the 18th of August the regiment was ordered to the front, and went by railroad, crowded into box cars like cattle, to Manassas Junction. Just before boarding the cars in Richmond the regiment was reviewed and briefly addressed by that most excellent man and distinguished citizen of Alabama, John Gill Shorter, who had just been elected governor of the State, and was then serving out his term as a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. The regiment was about 1,000 strong From Manassas Junction we made our first march about five miles north of that place, and went into camp at a place, or rather where there was no place, but an old field, called Pageland, a short distance north of the Gainesville and Warrenton Turnpike, and about one mile west of the field where the battle of the 21st of July—first Manassas—was fought." Oates, *History*, 76.

¹⁵Joseph B. Thornton, who was eighteen when he enlisted, was a physician. Oates credits Andrew J. Folmer, also eighteen, who died at Pageland, September 25, 1861, as the first of the company to die after going into service. *Ibid.*, 732, 758.

¹⁶"We camped at Centerville six miles from Manassas about six months and it was the most trying period of the war. I say this because it was a period of enforced idleness with little to break the monotony of camp life but drills and parades. This was the time that the frying pan and the raw flour and fresh beef got in their deadly work. The men fresh from homes with no experience in cooking did not know to prepare the food furnished and the flap jack and half cooked roast produced dysentery and the men died by scores." Houghton, *Two Boys*, 20.

¹⁷Thomas J. Nuckolls, aged 30 years when commissioned, was junior second lieutenant and acted as adjutant of the regiment April-September, 1862. After service in five battles, he was absent at home for three months and then resigned on December 30, 1862. Following the war he resided in Columbus, Georgia, his old home. Oates, *History*, 572.

¹⁸"We bivouacced at Manassas, arriving just one month after the first great battle was fought. Obtaining permission the men would often explore the battlefields and eagerly seize any relics they could find, mostly for the purpose of sending back to relatives and friends. Houghton, *Two Boys*, 20

¹⁹Crittenden (d. 1880) contrary to the wishes of his father, joined the Confederate Army and was appointed a brigadier-general. Badly defeated by General George H. Thomas at Mills Spring, he was subsequently arrested and censured. After this incident, he was never given an important command and finally resigned his commission to serve as a volunteer on the staff of General J. S. Williams. His defeat by Thomas indirectly led to the surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson for it caused General Albert S. Johnston to withdraw his lines from Bowling Green. After the war he served as auditor and state librarian of Kentucky. Elsworth Eliot, Jr., *West Point in the Confederacy* (New York, 1941), 320.

²⁰Francis A. Stanford, surgeon, enlisted at Fort Mitchell, July 3, 1861, and resigned April 10, 1862. He was a native of Georgia and at the time of enlistment was thirty-three years of age and single. Pete A. Brannon to the editor, June 1, 1955.

²¹"All the sick were, about the 1st of October, ordered to the rear to a country church near Haymarket, west of Pageland and near the Manassas Gap Railroad, with only the convalescents for nurses. At this improvised hospital there was neither accommodations nor comfort; no bedding but the soldier's blanket, with his knapsack for a pillow, and no nourishment but army rations; a scant supply of medicine and no medical attention worth having It was no uncommon sight at that hospital to see six or seven corpses of Fifteenth Alabama men laid out at once. Not less than 150 men of the regiment died that fall at the hospital from the effects of measles and the want of proper treatment and attention." Oates, *History*, 80.

²²"About the middle of September the regiment broke camp and marched along the Alexandria Pike through and about five miles east of Centerville, and established Camp Toombs near the residence of an old gentleman named Robey. *Ibid.*, 79.

ROUSSEAU'S ALABAMA RAID

By Mark E. Fretwell*

Sherman's Atlanta campaign, although a major military effort within itself, was actually part of a larger, more extensive plan,—a plan designed to produce an overpowering drive which would bring the long and disastrous war to a close. Sherman and Grant had begun conferences pointing toward this concerted endeavor in the Spring of 1864, at Nashville, when General Grant, victorious at Vicksburg, was enroute east to assume command of all the Northern armies.

The war was three years old. Bull Run and Seven Pines, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg were names crowded into the past, swirling away from the mounting thunder of each new day. Shiloh and Stone's River and even Gettysburg were finished and Chickamauga and Vicksburg were pages which had been turned.

The ending, still a long and terrible year away, had begun to take form, clear for all men to see. Northern armies had absorbed Lee's master strokes, the brilliance of Jackson and Forrest and Stuart, the drive of Longstreet, the strange, ineffectual thrusts of Bragg, and although these campaigns had dazed and staggered them it was apparent now that the great surging challenge had been faced, that its force and danger would diminish. The stinging blows might flick sharply again and again but the weight and balance had begun to shift, to tilt in favor of Union forces. Lee stood on the defensive at Richmond and in the center of the South the great army of Braxton Bragg had been driven from Chattanooga, into the mountains of North Georgia, to nurse its wounds and to rebuild a shattered spirit.

There was much to discuss at the Nashville meeting. Grant appointed General Sherman, Commander of the armies in the

*Mr. Fretwell, a native of Florida, is a resident of West Point, Ga. He has long been interested in topographical surveys and his original interest in Rousseau's Raid was to develop the route over which the troops travelled from Decatur in the effort to cut the Western of Alabama Railroad.

West, with orders to re-organize the forces, equip them, amass supplies, and prepare to drive straight through the middle of the South. The beginning of this drive would be synchronized with Grant's march against Lee in Virginia, a simultaneous attack on both fronts, pushed with all vigor. Conferences and planning filled several days and when at last Grant resumed his journey eastward, Sherman accompanied him as far as Cincinnati. There, in a hotel room, cloudy with cigar smoke and littered with maps, the two soldiers concluded their talks and parted, each to his own post.¹

In the weeks of preparation which followed letters and dispatches passed frequently between them. Sherman wrote to the General of The Armies on April 10th: "Your letters . . . afford me infinite satisfaction. That we are now all to act on a common plan . . . looks like enlightened war."²

Sherman was given considerable freedom in preparing his drive.

"I do not propose to lay down for you a plan of campaign," Grant had written, "but simply to lay down the work it is desirable to have done."³

But he wanted to be advised of all arrangements as soon as they had been formulated.

Sherman, with tireless energy, embarked upon the first phase,—the amassing of tremendous stores of ammunition and supplies, an effort which, within a few weeks, achieved astounding results, for more than one hundred carloads of material arrived daily at Chattanooga to build a vast reserve which would support his campaign.⁴

His troops were encamped at several locations, at Pulaski, at Chattanooga and Knoxville and at Huntsville, Alabama. He judiciously re-grouped them. There were ruffled ambitions of older officers to smooth, resentments to calm as new lines were drawn across the pattern of military rank. But with sharp discipline and an abrupt disregard for all things which did not di-

rectly further the plan of "enlightened war", Sherman formed the men and supplies, the horses, wagons, guns into a single huge force which could project itself into the heart of the South, could move forward constantly, re-place losses, re-form and drive forward again.⁵

Sherman assumed that once his attack began, the Confederate army before him would be pushed back, toward Atlanta. If the pressure of his drive continued successfully, and the Chattahoochee River were reached, Sherman's plan at this point called for a bold movement of a large cavalry force to conduct a swift raid down through the center of Alabama, to destroy the railroad connecting Montgomery with Atlanta and other points in Georgia under Federal attack.

The idea of this movement had been submitted to Grant and had received approval. Sherman had written: "The moment I detect Johnston falling back beyond the Chattahoochee, I propose to cast off the effective part of this cavalry . . . straight for Opelika, West Point, Columbus or Wetumpka, to break up the road between Montgomery and Georgia."⁶

The Railroad between Montgomery and Georgia.

That Spring of 1864, it was exactly thirteen years old, the section, at least, between Alabama's capitol city and a town on the Georgia boundary line called West Point—eighty-eight miles of track boldly projected as a part of the splendid and fabulous dream of railroads spanning the countryside of America. This initial venture had, at first, merely covered the distance between two points, un-connected at each end, with a few unimportant towns along the way. Three years after it was built, another railway, pushing south from Atlanta, reached West Point to form a junction. And an unusual junction it was since the two railroads were of different gauge and cars from the one could not operate on the tracks of the other. It was necessary to transfer passengers and freight across an elevated platform where the two railroads ran side by side.⁷

Similarly, the terminus at Montgomery, even several years later, had no actual junction with the partially completed road to Mobile.⁸ The difficulty of unloading freight, hauling it across town, then re-loading in other cars, was accepted as a necessary effort, common throughout the South, where little co-ordination had been injected into the planning and building of railroads. It was still a marvelous thing that the iron bands could reach from city to city. No importance was attached to the fact that at each destination completed transfer was necessary. It was the beginning. In time all the problems would be solved. For a decade great strides were made.

And then, with so much still to be done, War came to the land. The railroads of the South were suddenly faced with the enormous task of transporting soldiers and supplies across a vast curving distance from the Mississippi and Gulf to Virginia. Tangled congestion developed immediately at all terminals. Equipment rapidly deteriorated and could not be replaced, could not even be adequately repaired. Northern armies steadily closed in, taking over trunk lines along the borders of the Confederacy, and one after another Southern ports were blockaded.

But as desperate life lines the railroads continued to function. The Montgomery and Atlanta section rapidly grew in importance for it was one of the most vital links in the precarious network. Statesmen and Generals journeyed between the two cities; supplies moved from the rich farming sections to Atlanta and beyond. The tiny engines, puffing clouds of wood smoke, jerked their clattering trains over the dipping, swaying track, somehow surmounting the difficulties which rose to plague the operation. Mechanical repairs and maintenance were accomplished by daily miracles of improvisation. Of all the countless items necessary to keep the trains moving, none was readily available. Even wood for fuel was difficult to obtain because there were few laborers to procure it. Housewives were urged by newspaper advertisements to save discarded kitchen fats for use as lubricants or for illuminating oil. The need for soldiers constantly drained the ranks of railway operators and workmen.⁹ And yet the trains managed somehow to maintain a semblance of schedule, shuttling

back and forth, ultimately reaching their destinations.

This was the life line General Sherman proposed to cut.

The man he selected for this important duty was Major General Lovell Harrison Rousseau, a Kentuckian who had served in the Mexican War, an ardent Unionist, a successful leader, veteran of Shiloh and Chickamauga.

In sharp, direct dispatches Sherman gave his orders, outlining the size of the raiding force, their route, the objectives. Above all he stressed the necessity for strict observance in timing. The Alabama Raid should begin at the proper moment and be completed on schedule. If it were to be entirely effective it should fit smoothly into the drive on Atlanta, become a part of the general offensive against the Confederacy.

Grant ordered his army across the Potomac on May 5th, 1864, to begin the long struggle which was to lead through the relentless fighting in the Wilderness, the siege of Petersburg, and to end a year later at Appomattox.

On the same day Sherman's forces moved against the Confederates in North Georgia, hammering, flanking, pushing the defenders backward, day after day. Even with the rigorous activity, sharp fighting and constant movement, Sherman found time to keep in touch with Rousseau, and as his drive plunged deeper and deeper into the South, his orders were blunt and definite.

From near Kenesaw, June 29, 1864, he wrote to Rousseau:

"Of course go on and make all the preparations. The points of importance are Montgomery, Opelika and Columbus, Ga., Selma is secondary. I have had forage placed at Pensacola in case of the party having to go there. Don't move until I give specific orders."¹⁰

And again the next day:

"The movement that I want you...to be prepared for is contingent on the fact that Gen. A. J. Smith defeats Forrest, or holds

him well in check, and after I succeed in making Johnston pass the Chattahoochee with his army, when I want you....with 2500 good cavalry, well armed, and a sufficient number of pack mules, loaded with ammunition, salt, sugar and coffee, and some bread or flour, depending on the country for forage, meat and corn meal. The party might take two light Rodman guns, with orders, in case of very rapid movements, to cut the wheels, burn the carriages, taking sledges along to break off the trunnions and wedging them in the muzzle. The expedition should start from Decatur, move slowly to Blountsville and Ashville, and, if the way is clear, to cross the Coosa at the Ten Islands, or the railroad bridge, destroying it after their passage, then move rapidly for Talladega or Oxford, and then for the nearest ford or bridge over the Tallapoosa. That passed, the expedition should move with rapidy on the railroad between Tuskegee and Opelika, breaking up the road and twisting the bars of iron. They should work on that road night and day, doing all the damage toward and including Opelika. If no serious opposition offers, they should threaten Columbus, Ga., and then turn up the Chattahoochee, to join me between Marietta and Atlanta, doing all the mischief possible....Selma, though important, is more easily defended than the route I have named."¹¹

The final instructions were dispatched from Sherman on July 7, 1864, Near Chattahoochee:

"I have no new instructions or information to convey to you, but expect you to leave Decatur on the 9th....You man give out that you are going to Selma, but be sure to go to Opelika and break up the railroad between it and Montgomery. There is but a single road there which unties the Mississippi road with the Alabama roads....When you reach the road do your work well...." (Here Sherman, with an infantryman's usual suspicion and disdain of cavalry where hard inglorious labor is required, becomes painfully specific.) "burn the ties in piles, heat the iron in the middle, and when red hot let the men pull the ends so as to give a twist to the rails. If simply bent, the rails may be used, but if they are twisted or wrenched, they cannot be used again..." (These are instructions from the man who was to become a

specialist.) "In returning you should take the back track. Be sure to take no wagons, but pack some led horses....travel early and late in the day, but rest at midday and midnight. Spare your horses for the first week, and keep the horses ready for the return trip....We are down at the Chattahoochee and will soon be across."¹²

Rousseau had methodically followed orders, and, as might have been expected, Sherman's urgent proddings animated the days of busy preparation. With care Rousseau selected those cavalry units which seemed best suited to the work at hand, — portions of the Eighth Indiana, the Fourth Tennessee, Second Kentucky, Ninth Ohio, and Fifth Iowa. The best horses and equipment and supplies were secured. A section of ten pounder Parrott guns (which is to say, two) of the First Michigan Artillery was made a part of the organization and the whole command was arranged in two brigades.

It was a sizable force — 2500 cavalry and the units of supply in pack trains. Some of the regiments did not arrive in time for a departure on July 9th., and it was not until shortly after noon on Sunday, the 10th, that the column moved out from Decatur.¹³

From the leaders and scouts at its head, to the rear guards, the blue-clad cavalymen formed a line two miles long. Clouds of dust rose from the hot Somerville Road. Here and there a rider checked his eager mount, intent upon breaking into a rack or canter, and dispatch bearers galloped beside the column, from head to rear then back again. Slowly and with quiet seriousness, the expedition embarked upon its strange and dangerous mission.

The seventeen miles between Decatur and Somerville were covered during the long hot afternoon and evening and a halt for the night was made at Somerville.¹⁴

This section of North Alabama, in 1864, was considered within the area of operation of the Federal forces. It had been a year since Bedford Forrest had driven his small army across that rugged country to defeat and capture a Union cavalry under Colonel Streight, — an episode of swift, courageous brilliance

but one which did not make secure the land from which the invaders had been expelled.¹⁵ Rousseau's force was to ride three days before it encountered opposition. In the meantime it pushed forward, scattering before it startled rumors and alarms which spread through the thinly settled countryside.

Turning southward from Somerville, the route led across Sand Mountain. On July 12th, the expedition passed through Blountsville and moved on to a point five miles north of Ashville where it was halted for the night. Rousseau sent forward a detachment of soldiers which entered Ashville, took possession of the town and confiscated a supply of corn for his horses as well as provisions for his men.¹⁶

On the evening of the 13th, he reached the Coosa river at Greensport, a point which by now, might well have been identified as Alabama's Invasion Route, for three hundred years before, the great army of De Soto had passed this way;¹⁷ and later, Andrew Jackson had led his volunteers over this crossing to push on into the Indian country beyond.¹⁸

The Coosa was boundary. Until it was reached, the progress of the raiders had been uncontested, but south and east of the river scattered groups of Confederates operated in the countryside, theoretically in control of an area at the time not under attack, guarding important points, striking at the enemy whenever circumstances presented conditions favorable to their outnumbered, poorly-equipped forces.

Rousseau secured a ferry boat at Greensport and in the early evening sent over the river a detachment of 200 men to protect the crossing of the main army. It was planned that the crossing would be made at two points, — Greensport and also at a ford of the river at Ten Islands, four miles below. Part of the raiders were moved over the river that night (July 13th,) but not without a skirmish with an unorganized group of Confederates in which a Captain of Iowa cavalry was killed. This occurred on the west bank of the river.

The next morning Rousseau began pushing the main body of his command across the Coosa at the Ten Islands ford. At the same time, that detachment of his cavalry which had crossed the night before was ordered to move down the east side of the river to join the larger force as it reached shore.

They were met by General James H. Clanton, at the head of a small group of Confederate cavalry, firing at the invaders from behind rocks and trees. Sharp fighting lasted for almost an hour. Rousseau's soldiers gained two islands near the bank and from these vantage points kept a protective cover of fire for the main army as it came ashore, and the attacking Confederates were at last driven away. According to Rousseau, Clanton's losses were 15 killed, 40 wounded and 8 taken prisoner. Captain R. S. Abercrombie and a Captain Moore were among the Confederates killed. Rousseau listed his casualty as one man wounded, an incredible statement, even in face of his advantage of vastly superior numbers and improved rifles. Unfortunately, no report of General Clanton apparently exists.

At the Coosa, Rousseau made a thorough inspection of his units. He discovered some three hundred horses in unfit condition, and these, together with all ineffective men, were sent to Guntersville. This group reached the Federal lines in safety. The raiding force was thus reduced to about 2200 cavalry, and the units of supply.¹⁹

There were still great distances to travel, and sharp, if unsuccessful resistance had been encountered. Perhaps the miles ahead held greater dangers, stronger opposition. With caution as well as serious urgency, the expedition moved forward.

Talladega was the next objective. Five miles beyond the river Rousseau came upon an iron furnace and foundry, which, according to reports, had furnished supplies to the Confederate army. It was swiftly demolished. Here it was decided to destroy one of the heavy cannon since the speed of movement had been hindered by hauling the cumbersome gun over the rough roads in the hot July weather. The horses were attached to the remaining carriage and the column pushed rapidly toward Talladega, which was entered, without opposition on July 15th.²⁰

The Confederate forces in the area were scattered. General Clanton, after the engagement at the Coosa, withdrew to the vicinity of Blue Mountain, near Oxford. Another group, headed by Major W. T. Walthall numbered about 250 men. These included recruits from the Camp of Instruction, a company of boys from the reserve class, and a few disabled soldiers who were on guard duty. Walthall had attempted to join Clanton at Ten Islands but had been unable to reach the scene in time. Retracing his steps to Talladega in the night, and assuming that the Federal troops would attempt to destroy the railway bridge south of town, Walthall led his motley force to that point. He passed through Talladega at four o'clock in the morning and Rousseau's troops arrived three hours later.

In his report Rousseau states that considerable quantities of sugar and salt, flour, bacon and other commissary stores were captured at Talladega. His cavalymen were supplied with what they could utilize and the remainder was destroyed. Railroad cars, the depot and two factories were burned. With a gesture which must have produced vague results Rousseau paroled one hundred forty-three wounded Confederate soldiers at the Talladega hospital. After a brief halt the raiders departed.

Major Walthall, who returned to Talladega after the Federal troops had passed, reported that the invaders had conducted themselves with "unusual forbearance." The Camp of Instruction, which was located less than a mile from town, had not been molested. The Post Office, however, had been ransacked and letters scattered about the building. Walthall accurately surmised that Rousseau did not plan to occupy the area, that he intended driving swiftly toward some other destination, Wetumpka or Montgomery perhaps. The long dusty column left behind it anxiety and apprehension.

Beyond Talladega, Rousseau marched about ten miles in the direction of the river bridge, to create the impression that he intended attacking this important railway crossing. However, he turned abruptly to the east, toward Winterboro, and pointed his cavalry southward.²¹

The raid was not without its lighter moments. Below Talladega Rousseau halted his troops at a plantation, and, with his staff, dismounted. The planter's residence stood beside the road and the Federal officers entered the yard, walked up to the porch where they were met with courteous welcome by the owner. The cavalymen were covered with dust, their uniforms less blue than grey-brown from the long journey. Rousseau asked for water and it was brought. The men sat down and engaged in friendly conversation. After a few minutes Rousseau noticed in a stable yard across the road, several fine mules.

"My good sir," he said to the planter, "I fear I must take some of your mules."

The planter hesitated, then protested politely that he had already given liberally to the southern cause, saying that only the week before he had given ten mules to a needy force of Confederate cavalry.

Rousseau then replied that the planter should be as liberal with him as he had been with the Confederates.

The planter got to his feet uneasily.

"Ain't you on our side?" he asked.

Rousseau told him that he was a General in the United States Army and that the long line of soldiers were Federal cavalymen.

"Great God," the planter gasped, "whoever would have thought that the Yankees could come way down here in Alabama."

Since there was little room for choice, with the yard and road full of cavalymen, the farmer gloomily submitted to the suggestion that he share his mules equally with two armies.²²

Continuing his march, Rousseau reached the Tallapoosa River at a point known as Stowe's Ferry, on the evening of July 16th. The pack mules, including recent acquisitions from the reluctant Talladega County farmer, were transported on a barge,

but the main force crossed at an old ford, half mile above the ferry. The river at the ford was swift and deep and the horses were forced to swim part of the distance. The crossing consumed most of the night and although his men were exhausted, Rousseau gave them no rest. He pushed on, through Dadeville, and sunset on the 17th, arrived at his destination — Loachapoka — on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad.²³ One of his scouts dismounted, entered the deserted depot and cut the telegraph wires. That much of the life line was severed. Soon operators up and down the road would be tapping their keys, wondering why the line had suddenly gone dead. The last train, southbound toward Montgomery, had passed Loachapoke only a few hours before, carrying an illustrious passenger — General Braxton Bragg. Federal cavalymen had narrowly missed an important prize.²⁴

The long line of raiders, riding wearily up to the track, descended from their mounts and gathered in silent groups, gazing at the little cluster of buildings, — the stores, the station, the homes; a tiny town in Alabama, almost unreal in the twilight, with a name no one could pronounce; a point, a place at the end of unbelievable distances, the edge of a remote and endless land.

With heavy fatigue the men dropped to the ground. There was food and a few hours of rest.

This was the close of the eighth day of the march. Rousseau had covered (as carefully as may be estimated) almost two hundred and fifty miles since leaving Decatur. Except for the brush with Clanton's men at Coosa River, no opposition had been encountered, but here, deep in the center of the South, he had no knowledge what forces might appear and challenge him. By careful study of the maps, and all reports, Forrest was many miles away, but no one knew how fast an avenging cavalry might reach him if his objective were known or surmised.²⁵ He would have to work fast, destroy the railroad and depart quickly. He wanted no battles. Fortune, with almost unbelievable favor, had aided him. But there was always an end to good fortune.

As the summer night closed, about ten o'clock, to be exact, Rousseau sharply called his men from their rest. With brisk orders and urgent prodding from his officers, the wrecking of the railway began.²⁶

The cross-ties and stringers were of pitch pine. Sections of the rails were removed from their beds by driving out the spikes which held them in place. Timbers and cross-ties, fence rails and all other combustible materials were then gathered in great heaps, and set afire, and upon these blazing piles the iron rails were thrown. Soon a row of fires stretched along the railroad as length after length of track was torn from its bed. Throughout the night the work of destruction continued and showers of sparks soared upward into the darkness. Large quantities of materials stored in the Loachapoka depot were added to the flames, and the depot itself caught fire, apparently by accident. For a time the town was threatened but at last the flames were controlled and confined to the railroad buildings. At intervals, as the hours passed, new heaps of cross-ties were set afire, and the line of blazing, crackling fires extended in both directions far down the railway, moving step by step into the shadowy night.²⁷

Rousseau's men, perhaps unaccustomed to such cooperative kindling as pitch pine, did their work well. Fires of intense heat could be readily started and over these the rails were soon warped and twisted into unusable shapes. Sherman's instructions were carefully followed.

The long night passed, and another day began, hot and cloudless — July 18, 1864. It was Monday. Twelve hours had passed since the raiders first reached the railroad at Loachapoka; hours in which great and costly destruction had been wrought; hours too, in which alarm had spread in all directions from the little station which had become the center of a hundred bonfires.

Far to the north, Sherman, pondering the tangle of troops deployed around Peach Tree Creek, found time to glance at a paragraph in an Atlanta newspaper, yesterday's newspaper it was, but interesting none the less — printed in the city he intended to

capture. "The people in Montgomery," the article stated, "are in great apprehensions about a Yankee raid, and are rushing arms for the defense of the city."

"That means Rousseau," Sherman said.²³

Montgomery, fifty-three miles from Loachapoka, was indeed filled with apprehensions. After many false alarms, word had arrived giving the location where the raiders had struck, and the pre-dawn hours of July 18th, were throbbing with excitement as preparations were made to gather troops to resist the invaders. Actually, there were no organized defense. Several companies of boys, enrolled at seventeen years of age, whose military experience totalled six months of drill and guard duty, were hurriedly returned to the city from south Alabama. These numbered less than four hundred. In addition, there was a small detachment of cadets from the University at Tuscaloosa, commanded by First Lieutenant G. E. Redwood. To complete the roster of defenders, there was a company of reserves, old men. The entire force was armed with ancient muskets which had been rifled to fire Chamber ounce balls, guns which discharged with a terrifying explosion, but which were effective at scarcely more than one hundred yards. There were splendid Enfield rifles in the arsenal at Selma, and ammunition too, but in the confusion and hurry of departure, these were not secured. A short train of freight cars was switched to the main track and the engine, sending sparks and swells of smoke into the dark sky, stood ready. With great effort two cannons were loaded in the cars, as well as the horses which were to pull caisson and gun upon reaching the battlefield. There were good-byes and shouts of encouragement. The soldiers clambered aboard, finding precarious seats on the tops of the cars, or in the small caverns inside, and the train pulled away from Montgomery, toward the east, where soon the daylight would begin to show, toward the place where Yankee cavalymen had invaded their land.²⁰

At Loachapoka that morning, Rousseau divided his forces into four groups. Two sections were sent southward, one to Chehaw, 13 miles away, the farthest point to be attacked, with

instructions to destroy the track back toward Notasulga. The second was sent to Notasulga to move from there to form a junction with the force from Chehaw. A third was sent to Auburn. The fourth was charged with tearing up the track from Loachapoka to Notasulga.³⁰

For the first hours of the day the work was uninterrupted. At Auburn, slight opposition appeared when Captain T. H. Francis, commander of the Confederate post, marched his force against the raiders, a force of eighteen men, convalescents from Texas Hospital armed with shot guns. After a brief, audacious sally, they retired. The work of demolition continued. The Auburn station was burned and all combustible materials and supplies were added to the flames. The track for three miles north of town was destroyed.³¹

As this work was in progress, the raiders were amazed to suddenly see a locomotive innocently puffing toward them from the direction of Opelika. It seems incredible that knowledge of the presence of Federal cavalry had not reached a town such a short distance away, especially on the morning after their arrival, after fifteen hours of ruinous work, with great fires illuminating half the countryside. But the engine and tender came on, ground to a stop. Was it trying to remove cars from the path of the Federal troops? Did its crew have some bold plan of resistance? No one ever explained the enigma. The engineer and two other railroad employees were captured, the locomotive promptly demolished.³²

Meanwhile the train of freight cars, bearing soldiers from Montgomery, chugged along toward the scene of disaster. Its speed at first had been as rapid as the dipping, curving track would allow, but as it approached Chehaw station it slowed, crept onward carefully, anxious to avoid an ambush. Beyond Chehaw was the trestle over Uphaupee creek. Cautiously the little engine nosed forward. There were guards in the cab and tender keeping sharp outlook. The train moved over the bridge slowly, then sped up a little, along the level fill belond. A mile further, the railway entered a swamp, then emerged and curved toward the first ridge sloping away from the bottom lands.

Suddenly a shot rang out from the side of the track and a ball crashed between the legs of a boy sitting on top of one of the cars. The engine grated to a stop.

Shouting, the soldiers jumped to the ground, formed a line and advanced along the railroad track. No one had yet seen the enemy, but Rousseau's raiders, concealed in the edge of a thick wood, met the advance with a full blast from their rifles. Their position thus disclosed, the battle was joined and for a few minutes the fighting was sharp and bitter and at close range. Here and there the figure of a man reeled and crumpled to the ground.

The Confederate line was shifted a short distance to the right, away from the railway, toward an old gin house standing near the top of a hill in an open field. From this point a substantial rail fence, at right angles to the railroad, ran down the tracks. Beyond it, the field inclined into deep ravine.

Under cover of the fence, the Confederate troops blasted away at the cavalymen, who had moved slowly backward, toward the edge of a wood. The shots, however, fell short. One company was permitted to cross the fence and dash to a partly covered position which would place the enemy within range of their long muskets.

But the first phase of the battle was drawing to a close. The raiders, without haste, moved away and disappeared into the woods. Firing ceased.

A small group of mounted militia galloped up the road from Tuskegee, dismounted at the gin house and took positions in the Confederate line. Those who had just finished the brisk fighting welcomed them with thankful hearts, with cheers and waving. The Tuskegee militia, splendidly attired in brown linen uniforms, shouted challenges to the enemy to renew the battle, but the echo of their voices against the woods before them was the only answer.³³

The Federal cavalry detachment was under command of Major Harlon Baird, of the Fifth Iowa, who, after the first minutes of fighting, cautiously withdrew his men while dispatches were hurried to Rousseau, stating that reenforcements were urgently needed, that a superior force had arrived from the direction of Montgomery and had attacked his detachment.⁸⁴

During the two hour interval, a Confederate skirmish line was well established, —with complete disregard for the terrain. It was formed in front of the fence, with one end resting in the open ravine. It extended across the railway to the edge of a swamp on the other side, a half-mile in length, the men being deployed about five paces apart. The muzzle of a small cannon, manned by the squad of University cadets, protruded ominously from the edge of an old road.

They waited.

A Confederate soldier who survived the battle, writing about it many years later, said: "No explanation was ever made why we were not formed behind the fence, on the hill, where there was some protection."

Shortly after noon, the reenforced Federal troops suddenly opened fire from a wood-covered hill directly in front of the Confederate line and promptly the old muskets burst into a great uproar. Rousseau's men pressed their frontal attack, moving forward slowly, pouring a heavy fire from their Spencer rifles. At the same time, a sharp flanking movement down the railway, cut and turned the Confederate line, pushed it back across the road, toward the ravine on the right, where the main battle flared.

At that moment the horses, wheeling the lone cannon into position, became frightened, perhaps under inexperienced handling, and the cadets saw their fine gun tilt and turn over, upside down in the gully beside the road, utterly useless. The animals kicked and pawed until free of the harness, then galloped away through the woods. There would be no salvos from the artillery.

But the fighting mounted in fury. The Confederates, however, forced into the ravine and attacked on two sides, fell back, their numbers and rifles no match for the troops before them. When Rousseau's men had pushed their advance some distance, and scattered the Confederates before them, they returned to the railway, formed a strong rear guard, and proceeded with the work of destroying the track toward Notasulga.

The Alabama soldiers, dispersed and driven into the swamp, slowly reappeared. They established again a line across the railway, valueless now, since the raiders had moved away, northward. No one thought of pressing forward in pursuit.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in burying the dead, caring for the wounded, loading the equipment and the sick on the train for a long trip back to Montgomery. A guard was posted along the road and at the bridge over Uphapee creek, but nothing broke the stillness of the long night, except the distant sound of Federal cavalry, tearing at the railway, a sound which diminished and slowly faded as the hours passed.³⁵

In his official statement Rousseau wrote that his losses at Chehaw were small, that no official list had been received,³⁶ but Sherman, reporting to Chief of Staff, General Henry W. Halleck, gave total Federal casualties for the entire Alabama Raid, as 12 killed and 30 wounded.³⁷ Since Rousseau had previously stated that the engagement at the Coosa had wounded only one man, it may be assumed that all the other casualties occurred at Chehaw.

There are several doubtful factors in most lists of soldiers lost in battle. One is the extreme difficulty of attaining accuracy; another is a commander's strong inclination, unintentional perhaps, to exaggerate enemy casualties, while minimizing his own. For example, although Rousseau had no list of Federal losses, he was able to state that "about 40 dead and a large number of Confederate wounded" were left on the field.³⁸ Similarly, The Montgomery Weekly Advertiser did not hesitate to give Federal losses as "not exceeding 50 men."³⁹

Even among Alabama sources there is considerable variation in the Confederate lists. The Selma Morning Dispatch, July 27, 1864, informed its readers that 65 southern soldiers had been killed or wounded. Adj. E. E. McCroskey, in the same paper, lists 39 40. The Montgomery Weekly Advertiser, July 20, 1864 states "6 killed: 40 or 50 wounded or missing."⁴¹ A survivor of the battle gives the number "6 killed: 20 wounded."⁴²

At any rate, a considerable number of men, upwards of one hundred, Confederate and Federal, were casualties of this battle. It is probable that Rousseau remembered his orders,—to avoid, as much as possible, all fighting. It is probable, also, that the sharp attack against his cavalymen, having been repulsed, Rousseau was grateful for this turn of events and willing to quit the field to return to the main objective of the raid.

That was the Battle of Chehaw. July 18, 1864.

The raiders, on guard now against further attacks (which did not materialize) worked with all speed. Brief periods of rest were alternated with hours of labor. During the second night the men accomplished greater havoc than on the first, since they had acquired considerable practice and training, had become more skilful. In addition to completing the ruin of miles of railway, the temporary buildings of Camp Watts, a hospital for convalescents, near Notasulga, were burned, together with a quantity of tents and quartermaster's stores. The command moved northward, and halted three miles above Auburn for a few hours sleep in the early dawn.⁴³

On the morning of July 19th., Rousseau again divided his troops into sections. One group proceeded from the encampment toward Opelika, tearing up the track. Another was sent beyond Opelika, to destroy two miles of the railway leading to Columbus. A third was ordered to demolish the depot and railroad at Opelika and to extend the work of ruin up the track toward West Point.

"These orders were all executed promptly," Rousseau reported. "About 20,000 pounds of bacon, 10,000 pounds of sugar,

12,000 pounds of flour and other commissary stores were obtained and issued to the command, or destroyed. Six cars, loaded with leather, nails, shovels and other articles were burned on the track, and the turn-table and Y destroyed."

In summing up the record of the raid, Rousseau stated that the entire length of railroad destroyed "was over 30 miles, including a number of trestle bridges, a water tank at Notasulga, the stations, buildings etc., at Opelika, Auburn, Loachapoka, Notasulga; and considerable amounts of supplies and materials at each of these points."⁴⁴

In an exchange of dispatches between General George H. Thomas and General Sherman, in the field near Atlanta, on July 19th., Thomas closed with a postscript: "An Atlanta paper of today . . . reports Opelika was captured yesterday."

And Sherman's reply began: "Good for Rousseau!"⁴⁵

Rousseau's cavalry collected at a point about one mile north of Opelika at noon on July 19th., some 40 hours after the attack on the railroad began.⁴⁶ There were reports that groups of Confederate mounted soldiers were in the vicinity, and that troops from yesterday's battle at Chehaw were marching against the raiders.⁴⁷ But reports and challenges were beside the point. The work was finished. It was time to leave.

After a short halt, the long column of Federal cavalry moved off, on the return march. During the hot afternoon they clattered along the clay road northward, passed through LaFayette and halted at midnight about twenty-five miles from Opelika. They rode on the next day and the next, passing out of Alabama, into Georgia, through Carrollton and Villa Rica, and arrived at Marietta on July 22nd.

On the return journey, no Confederate forces opposed them.

The command had grown in size. Four hundred mules and three hundred horses were acquired on the expedition. "And,"

wrote Rousseau, "several hundred able-bodied negroes accompanied us to Marietta."⁴⁸

The raid was ended.

The Montgomery and West Point Railway had no through service for almost a month after Rousseau's Raid. A schedule which combined stage coach travel over the demolished section connecting with cars beyond brought some relief to the congestion but little actual help in the emergency.⁴⁹

That month was a vital period in the life of the Confederacy for it included the Battle of Peach Tree Creek, the Battle of Atlanta and the battle of Ezra Church and it covered, in addition, most of the period during which Atlanta was under siege. Through these weeks no assistance could reach the city from Montgomery and beyond by railroad, and it is difficult to say how much this calamitous factor effected the outcome. The loss of the support which this transportation system might have supplied, was a crashing blow to Southern hopes.

Sherman entered the ruins of Atlanta on September 2nd., and this wedge, driven home in the center of the South, was a prelude to the closing months of the War.

Rousseau lived less than five years after the Alabama Raid. The War over, he turned again to his early interest,—politics, and was elected to Congress. As an advocate of a tolerant attitude toward the problems of Reconstruction, he made bitter enemies in Washington among those who were intent upon debasing the South. Rousseau's temper, never very far from the surface, caused him to lash out at these armchair soldiers again and again in spirited debate. After one of his outbursts, the representative from Iowa replied in a tone which enraged Rousseau, and later, in the corridor of the Capitol, Rousseau repeatedly struck the Iowan in the face with a cane.

For this violation of the peace and dignity of its august body, the House of Representatives sternly reprimanded Rousseau, who, with equal sternness, resigned.

However, he stood for re-election the following year and was returned to Washington.

In one of his last public acts, Major General Lovell Harrison Rousseau received, on behalf of the United States, the Territory of Alaska, recently purchased from Russia.

In 1868 he was placed in charge of the Military Department of Louisiana, and he died in New Orleans January 7, 1869. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.⁵⁰

In some respects the Alabama Raid was without parallel in the War. There were many cavalry leaders and many cavalry raids but few with a single objective, so deep in enemy territory, which required swift approach, swift demolition and a swift return. The havoc wrought, far from being the usual scattered damage of varying and doubtful importance, was, in the case of Rousseau's Raid, an essential, important and timely stroke. The number of cavalymen in the command—2500, places it well beyond the size of an ordinary raiding party and yet it was a remarkably mobile force, as the record shows.

A Montgomery paper of the day stated:

"We doubt whether any other raiding party since the commencement of hostilities, comprising no more men, has penetrated as far into the country, done as much damage, and succeeding in escaping with so little loss."⁵¹

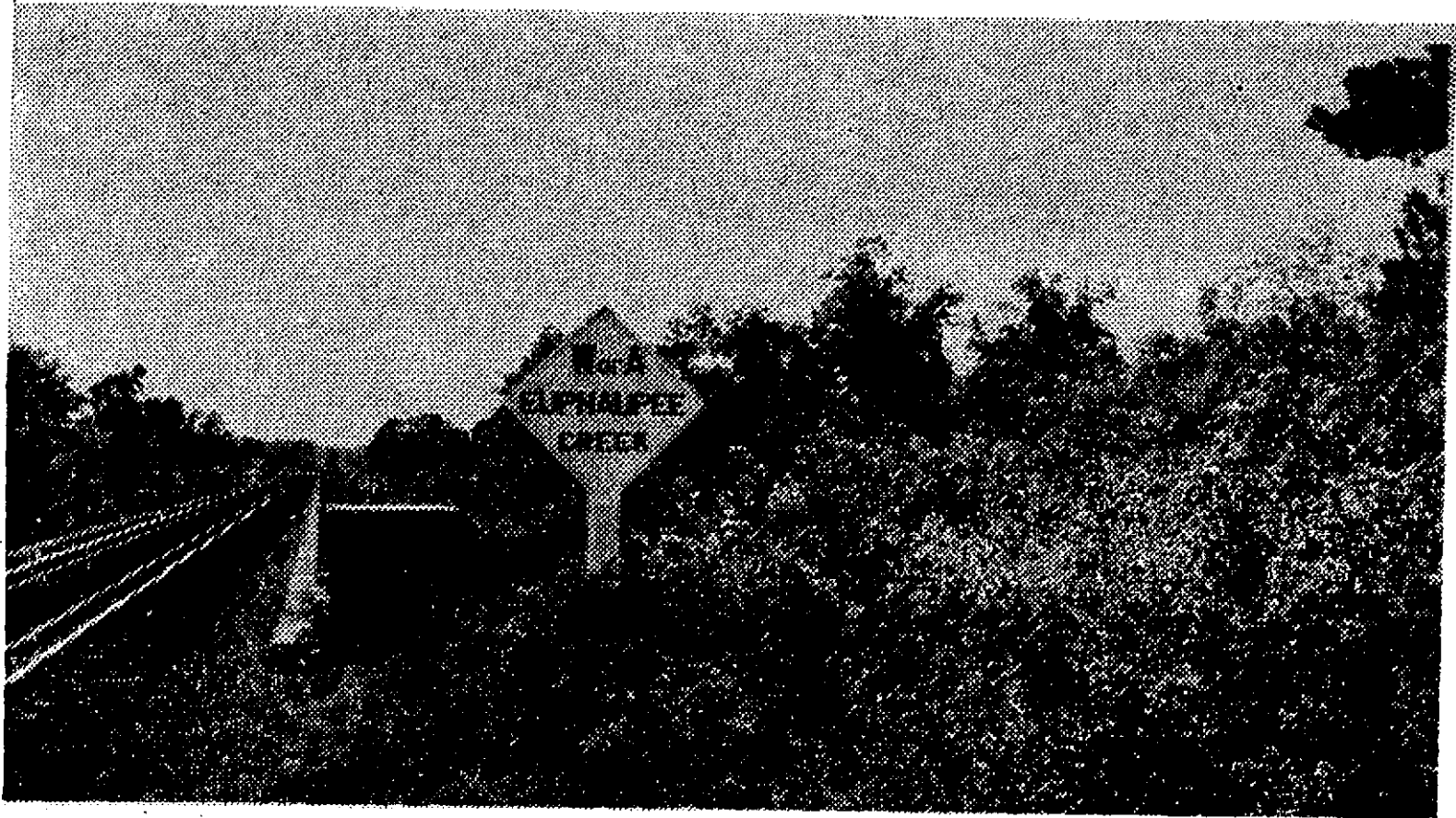
NOTES.

1. For a description of the Nashville Meeting, see Sherman—Fighting Prophet, by Lloyd Lewis New York 1932. pp 344-345; The War of the Rebellion—A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Washington 1891. (Hereafter designated O. R.) Series 1. Vol XXXVIII, Part 1 p. 61. (The Atlanta Campaign is contained in Vol XXXVIII, in five parts. All designations in these notes refer to that volume.) Regarding "concerted plan;" Grant to Sherman, May 2, 1864, Part IV, p 11 O. R. "Move at the time indicated in my instructions. All will strike together."
2. Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman, written by Himself. 2 Vols. New York 1891. Vol. 2. p 27
3. Ibid. p. 26

4. Lewis, op. cit. p. 352.
5. Ibid. p 346-350.
6. Memoirs, op. cit. p 28
7. The West Point Route, by J. Arch Avary Jr., and Marshall L. Bowie. Atlanta 1954 p. 4, p.11
8. The Railroads of the Confederacy, by Robert C. Black III, Chapel Hill 1952 p 9
9. Ibid., pp124-130
10. O. R. Part 2, pp 909-910.
11. Ibid., p. 910.
12. Ibid., p. 910-911. In a dispatch to Gen. Granger, Sherman wrote: "Cavalry usually do so little damage to a road that it can be repaired faster than they damage it." O. R. Part V. p. 652.
13. O. R. Part II, pp 904-905.
14. Ibid., p. 905
15. The Story of the Confederacy, by Robert Selph Henry. Indianapolis 1931. pp. 290-291.
16. O. R. Part II, p. 905
17. Final Report of the United States DeSoto Expedition Commission. Washington 1939, pp. 206-208.
18. Andrew Jackson. The Border Captain, by Marquis James. New York 1933. p. 167.
19. O. R. Part II, pp. 905-906.
20. Ibid., p. 906.
21. O. R. Part III. pp. 975-977.
22. Memoirs, op. cit., pp. 69-70.
23. O. R. Part II p. 907
24. The Montgomery Weekly Advertiser. August 3, 1864. Copy in files of Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery. "We notice, in order to correct a statement that is going the rounds of the papers that General Bragg came nigh being captured on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad by the Rousseau raiders: The train, upon which he was a passenger reached Montgomery five hours before the telegraph wire was cut, which occurred before the main body of the raiders got to the road."
25. There was little danger from Forrest at the moment. Two days before (on July 15th.,) Forrest had been wounded in the foot in the fighting around Tupelo, Mississippi. Unable to mount his horse, he had built a rack projecting over the dash board of a farm buggy, to support his wounded leg. "Sick looking, thin as a rail, eyes blazing." First with the Most Forrest, by Robert Selph Henry. Indianapolis 1944. p. 329.

26. O. R. Part II p. 907
27. Ibid., p. 907.
28. O. R. Part V. p 183.
29. The description of the Battle of Chehaw, through the eyes of a Confederate, is contained in an article by William C. Ward, Capt. Co. A., 62nd., Alabama Infantry. It was published in the Birmingham Age-Herald, August 10, 1902. Typed copy in files of Alabama State Department of Archives and History.
30. O. R. Part II p. 907
31. The interesting report of Capt. Thomas H. Francis is found in O. R. Part III pp. 973-974, dated Sept. 15, 1864. In addition to describing the attack of his militia, he states that during the raid, "negroes owned by citizens of the town. . . . broke into stores and carried off everything movable." Texas Hospital, apparently located at Auburn, was in charge of Surgeon Louis A. Bryan. Captain A. G. Durkee was post and hospital quartermaster and Majors W. H. C. Price and J. Shelby Williams were also attached to the post.
32. O. R. Part II p 907.
33. Narrative of William C. Ward. (see above)
The old gin house was probably located on a hill on the west side of Alabama Highway 81, at a point 1.8 miles north of the highway crossing of Uphapee Creek. This location was given by Lucius C. Poillard, a negro 75 or 80 years of age, sound of mind although infirm of body, a respected lifelong resident of the immediate neighborhood. "Uncle Loosh" stated that this location had been identified as the site of the gin house since his earliest recollection; also that the area adjacent to it had been known locally as the site of the battle throughout his remembrance. The terrain—hill, ravine, swamp, as well as distance from the Railroad corresponds to Captain Ward's description. By railroad this site is approximately 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles north of the Uphapee Creek bridge. Apparently no other location in the immediate vicinity conforms to the known descriptions of the battlefield. See Montgomery Advertiser. July 24, 1864, for statement that trestles over Uphapee and Red Hill creeks were not destroyed. Red Hill creek is today's Red creek, a small stream about .7 mile north of Uphapee. Alabama: Her History, Resources, War Record and Public Men From 1540 to 1872, by W. Brewer. Montgomery 1872, page 339 states battle fought "at Beasley's tank, a mile and a half from Cheha." Correspondence with officials of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad Company disclosed no record of Beasley's tank.
34. O. R. Part II p 908.
35. Narrative of Capt. Ward; O. R. Part II p 908.
36. O. R. Part II p. 908.
37. O. R. Part V p 235.
38. O. R. Part II 908.
39. The Montgomery Weekly Advertiser. August 7, 1864. In files at Alabama State Department of Archives and History.

40. Typed copies of these two reports are in files at Alabama State Department of Archives and History.
41. In files at Alabama State Department of Archives and History.
42. Captain Ward's account. (see above)
43. O. R. Part II p 908. Camp Watts was located just west of Railroad and about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of present city limits of Notasulga.
44. O. R. Part II p 908
45. O. R. Part V pp. 184-185.
46. O. R. Part II pp 908-909
47. Capt. Ward stated "Oh the day following (which would have been July 19th) we followed the enemy along the line of smoking ruins left in their wake . . . After the battle we marched to West Point, Ga , and then returned."
48. O. R. Part II p 909
49. Railroads of the Confederacy, op. cit., pp. 251-252.
50. Dictionary of American Biography. New York 1935. Vol. 16, pp 194-195. A photograph of Rousseau is reproduced in Vol. , p. 382. Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. New York 1887.
51. Montgomery Weekly Advertiser. August 10, 1864. In files of Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery. The probable route of Rousseau's Raiders through Alabama is the subject of a separate study. The Atlas which accompanies the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (Wash. 1891-1895) contains two maps depicting the route. These plates are numbered 117 and 118. A comparison discloses important variations and they serve only as a general guide. However, the quadrangle maps of the Department of the Interior, U. S. Geological Survey are of great interest and value, since the surveys from which the maps were prepared were made, many of them, only twenty years after the close of the war. Rousseau's cavalry probably passed through or near the following towns and cities: Morgan county: Decatur, Crowton, Priceville, Brooksville, Somerville. Cullman county: Route not satisfactorily located. St. Clair county: Whitney, Ashville, Greensport. Calhoun county: Boiling Springs School, Francis Mill. Talladega county: McFall, Estaboga, Talladega, Alpine, Winterboro, Sylacauga. Coosa county: Mt. Olive, Goodwater, Socapatoy, Kellyton. Tallapoosa county: Alexander City. (Stowe's Ferry was located near the center of the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 4. R. 22 E. T. 22 N., now covered by the backwater of Martin's Dam) Dadeville, Jackson's Gap, Mary. Lee county: Loachapoka, Auburn, Pepperell, Opelika. Macon county: Notasulga. Chambers County: LaFayette, Buffalo, White Plains, Doublehead. Randolph county: Roanoke, Pittman, Wehadkee, Omaha, Sewell, Graham.



MAJOR HENRY CHURCHILL SEMPLE*

At the breaking out of the war between the States, in the Spring of 1861, I was a boy, not quite eight years of age, going to school in Montgomery, Alabama, preparing to enter college.

At that time, Major, (then Mr.) Semple, the subject of this sketch, was a practicing lawyer at the Montgomery Bar, and had been such for about fifteen or sixteen years, coming from Williamsburg, Virginia, the state of his birth. He was then in the fortieth year of his age, having been born January 14, 1822; in the prime and vigor of life, tall, slender, active, energetic, and possessing the enthusiasm and ambition of one of his age; of scholarly attainment, having been a university graduate; of unquestionable integrity; quiet, but courteous deportment; firm and courageous,—just the kind of man to make the lawyer he was and the military officer he afterwards proved to be.

The City of Montgomery is situated in a well wooded and very fertile agricultural section of the State of Alabama, and its people are prosperous, educated and refined, coming, as they did, principally from the other Southern States, on the Atlantic seaboard.

In 1861 the Montgomery Bar was, and still is, one of the ablest in the State. In 1861 it numbered among its members the eloquent William L. Yancey—the “Apostle of Secession”—probably the greatest orator the South ever produced, and who represented Alabama in the Senate of the Confederate States; the able and forceful Thomas H. Watts, who was Attorney General in President Davis’ cabinet, and who afterwards became Governor of Alabama; the brilliant and adroit Samuel F. Rice, whose knowledge of the law was unexcelled, and whose wit and humor illuminated all that he had said and did, and whose well reasoned and clearly expressed opinions as Chief Justice of the

*This paper, written by the Hon. Saffold Berney, of Mobile, was compiled out of respect for his old comrade, Major Henry Churchill Semple, of the Confederate States Army.

Supreme Court of Alabama are models of excellence and have been frequently cited; the learned and able George W. Stone, whose long service on the bench as circuit judge and justice and chief justice of the State of Alabama, covering a period of more than half a century, has shed luster on the judicial history of the State,—he was a tower of strength and a pillar of fire in legal matters; the learned and logical Abram J. Walker, whose opinions as Chief Justice of the State give him high rank as a jurist; William P. Chilton,—profound lawyer and jurist, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama; that great lawyer and judge and U. S. senator, George Goldwaite, learned and profound; Thomas J. Judge, whose knowledge of the law and sound judgment placed him in the front rank as a lawyer; John A. Elmore, a great lawyer and not excelled as an Advocate; the knightly Tennent Lomax, who fell at the head of his regiment at the Battle of Seven Pines,—a lawyer of rare ability who gave promise of a brilliant future when he was stricken down; David Clopton; Daniel S. Troy, John W. A. Sanford, James H. Clanton; Marion A. Baldwin; William A. Gunter, and a number of others whom I might mention but for want of space. There were giants at that Bar in 1861.

It was with such lawyers as these that Major, (then Mr.) Semple had to measure lances, and that he so ably held his own in contests with them, in the courts, both trial and appellate is sufficient evidence of his legal ability and standing in his profession.

When Major Semple came to the Bar the Supreme Court of Alabama ranked with the ablest in the United States, and its decisions were as frequently cited by the courts of the other states as those of any court in the United States,— a time unlike the present, when crowded calendars did not preclude the thoroughness of investigation and presentation by counsel, and the deliberate consideration by the court, so essential to the right decision of legal causes, and when in the absence of precedents, the judges were forced to reason out their opinions by the analogies of the common law. Such was Mr. Semple as a lawyer in 1861. I will now turn to his career as an officer in the Confederate Army.

SEMPLE'S BATTERY

This famous battery of field artillery, of six twelve-pounder bronze Napoleon Guns, which rendered such signal service to the Confederate cause in the war between the States, in 1861-65, was organized March 7, 1862 at Montgomery, Alabama, as the Marks' Artillery, but was afterwards known as Semple's Battery, taking this name from its first commander, Henry Churchill Semple.

It was composed of about one hundred and fifty officers and men, the very flower of Montgomery City and County, members of the first families of the City and County, and as brave, patriotic and enthusiastic a body of men as were ever mustered into the service in any army,—loyal sons of the South, who were ready to give their lives in defense of the South, as many of them did. The first commissioned officers, elected by the Company at the time of its organization, were: Henry C. Semple, the subject of this sketch, Captain; Elmore J. Fitzpatrick, First Lieutenant; John B. Scott, Second Lieutenant; Richard W. Goldthwaite, Third Lieutenant; Joseph Pollard, (the brave young officer who fell in the Battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee) Fourth Lieutenant; Dr. Robert Lide, Surgeon. I became a member of the Company at the time of its organization. The following day, March 8th, the officers and men of the battery, without guns or horses, left Montgomery for Mobile on a river steamboat, arriving at Mobile March 11, 1862, and on March 11, 1862 they were carried from Mobile, by steamboat, down the Mobile Bay to the mouth of Dog River, and up that river to what was then known as the site of the Old Dog River Cotton Factory, about five miles from the City of Mobile, where it went into camp and where it remained, drilling in squad formation and waiting for its guns and horses, until July, 1862, when, fully equipped with guns and horses, it was sent to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and became a part of General Bragg's Army. The Battery was with that army in its advance into Tennessee and Kentucky in the summer of 1862. It received its baptism of fire November 8, 1862, in the Battle of Perryville, Kentucky, fought between the forces of Bragg and Buell, losing in the battle one man killed and two wounded.

On Bragg's retreat from Kentucky, the Battery was sent, by way of Cumberland Gap, to Knoxville, Tennessee, thence down the Sequatchie Valley to Decherd, Tennessee, thence to Triume, Tennessee, where it went into camp and remained until Bragg's advance to Murfreesboro. On December 28, 1862 Bragg's Army moved forward to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the Battery forming part of the army. It arrived at Murfreesbooo on the night of December 28, 1862. On December 31, 1862 the Battery took part in the hotly contested battle of Murfreesboro, between the Confederate Army under Bragg and the Federal Army under Rosecrans, forming part of Cleburne's Division. The next day, January 1, 1863, the Battery was not engaged. The next day January 2, 1863, at three o'clock came the desperate and fatal charge by Breckinridge's Division, consisting of about five thousand men, on the Federal lines. Four guns out of the six belonging to the battery bore a conspicuous part in this charge, losing out of the forty-five officers and men handling the guns twenty-killed and wounded, among the latter the brave Lieutenant Joseph Pollard, who was shot through an arm and a leg and who died of his wounds; losing also one gun captured and fourteen horses killed and wounded.

A boulder on the site of this charge bears this inscription:

"On January 2, 1863, at three p.m., there were stationed on this hill 48 cannon, commanding the field across the river, and as the Confederates advanced over this field, the shot and shell from these guns resulted in the loss of 1800 killed and wounded in about an hour".

This out of about five thousand men making the charge. The river referred to is Stoney River, about two miles north of Murfreesboro, which at that time was fordable at this point. The Division was badly repulsed and driven back in disorder. Captain Semple at the time of this charge was acting as Chief of Artillery of Cleburne's Division, and the four guns which were engaged in the charge were commanded by First Lieutenant E. J. Fitzpatrick.

It was in this battle of Murfreesboro that a shell from Semple's Battery, fired at a distance of more than half a mile, killed General Rosecrans' Chief of Staff, the accomplished Austrian Officer, Lieut-Colonel Julius P. Garesche, who was riding by the General's side.

Saturday night, January 3, 1863, Bragg's Army retired to Shelbyville and Manchester, Tennessee. And in June, 1863, fell back to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Then came the bloody battle of CHICKAMAUGA in September, 1863, in this battle, said to have been the bloodiest of the war for the numbers engaged, the Battery again distinguished itself by gallant and efficient service.

Speaking of the Battery, General Cleburne, in his report of the battle, has this to say:

"Captain Semple with his battery x x x rendered invaluable service and exhibited the highest gallantry on Saturday night, running their pieces up, as they did, within sixty yards of the enemy. In this they were ably sustained by Lieutenant Richard W. Goldthwaite of Semple's Battery".

And again in the same report, General Cleburne says:

"Captain Semple also displayed skill and judgment as Acting Chief of Artillery, particularly in the selection of a position for his own and Douglass' Batteries on Sunday evening, which gave an oblique fire upon the enemy in his works, contributing to the success of the final charge of Polk's Brigade."

Then came the Battle of *Missionary Ridge*, when Bragg's Army, already weakened by the losses sustained by it in the battle of Chickamauga, was reduced to almost a skeleton by the withdrawal of forces from it, sent to Knoxville and other points, was driven in disorder from the ridge. In this battle of Missionary Ridge, Cleburne's invincible division, of which the

Battery was a part and which had never sustained defeat, held the right of Bragg's line, held back the advancing tide of the enemy in its front, and retired from the ridge in good order.

And then came RINGGOLD GAP, in the hills of northwestern Georgia, near Ringgold Station on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, where Cleburne's Division, forming Bragg's rear guard, held back Grant's pursuing army for six hours until Bragg's retreating army had passed in safety, with its wagon trains. In this heroic defense two guns of the Battery, under the Command of Lieutenant Richard W. Goldthwaite, did most effective work.

Then the retreat of the army from Dalton to Atlanta, under General Joseph E. Johnston, who had superseded General Bragg in command of the army.

And then the Battle of JONESBORO, GEORGIA, in which the Battery was engaged.

And then Hood's advance into middle Tennessee in the Fall of 1864. At this time Captain Semple, having been promoted to the rank of Major of Artillery, to rank from January 19th, 1864, and assigned to duty in defense of Mobile, Alabama, the Battery was commanded by Captain Richard W. Goldthwaite.

Then came the disastrous battles of FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, after which the Battery was sent to re-enforce General Joseph E. Johnston in the East, going to Cammack, Georgia, and from there to Augusta, Georgia, and from Augusta it was marched a short distance into South Carolina, where it went into Camp, as the horses were too jaded to go further. While resting there and collecting horses, the Battery received news of General Lee's surrender. Ten or fifteen days after receiving this news the Battery was disbanded, and the officers and men were paroled. Major Semple was paroled at Meridian, Mississippi, May 10, 1865.

So passed out of existence and into history this gallant battery, which had covered itself with glory on many hard fought battle fields, and with their paroles in their pockets, and orders

for sustenance and transportation enroute, where obtainable, its heroic men and officers who, for the sake of their beloved Southland and its righteous cause, had risked and sacrificed so much, with courage and fortitude not surpassed in the annals of war; who, without shelter of any kind, half fed, half clothed, half shod, had so willingly and uncomplainingly endured the hardships and privations of more than three years of war—the long marches over hot and dusty roads, or roads made well night impassable by winter rains, the toilsome marches over hills and mountains, the summer heat and the winter cold, who had often faced death on the battlefields,—broken-hearted at the wrecking of all their hopes, turned their faces homeward to homes many of which had been made desolate by the ravages of war, to build anew their fortunes and restore their prostrate land.

What a contrast between that battery then and when it left Montgomery in 1862 for the field of action. Where the high hopes and enthusiasm which filled the hearts of these men in 1862? All gone, and only disappointment in their place. Few, very few of them, remain on earth today, probably not a half dozen,—all the others have gone to their just reward. Many of them died on the battlefield, others in the hospitals from disease; the rest, more fortunate shall I say, since the war. Will the South ever forget these men? Will the glory that is theirs ever be dimmed, or the honor that is due them ever be forgotten by the South? God forbid.

(Sg) SAFFOLD BERNEY

Mobile, Ala., Nov. 24, 1922.

MARY SEMPLE GAYLE LAW'S REMINISCENCES OF MAJOR SEMPLE

Precious Em,

It seems quite fitting that the New Year should find me writing Reminiscences of Cousin Churchill, your beloved father, whose memory along with Cousin Em's has always been so dear to me.

In fact your home was one of the blessed shrines of my childhood. Regularly at certain intervals I was taken by my mother to your house where Cousin Em always reclined on a velvet sofa, beneath the old hanging lamp brought from historic Williamsburg.

As she wafted her ever present turkey tail fan they talked of bygone days and still there lingers in my memory how entertainingly my mother would tell of her father, Colonel William Armstead, bringing Cousin Churchill from Virginia to live with him, and how "Mammy Ginny", sitting in the sunshine of her cabin door in the quarters, rolled and whipped "Marse Churchill's wedding shirts.

I presume that President Tyler, who was your father's guardian, was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of a dashing young blade just leaving "William and Mary". Perhaps he thought the wilderness of a far off plantation a safer place for adventurous youth than the Classic shades of "William and Mary".

You remember the territorial Capitol was Saint Stephens, and when in 1819 Alabama was thrown open as a State, many pioneered from Virginia. However, the Armsteads did not come until 1830. Colonel William Armstead and his wife, Lucy Boyd, came respectively from Kent, King and Queen Counties Virginia. They settled in Greene County near Greensboro and the name of the Armstead house was "The Cedars" and there it was that "Mammy Ginny" rolled and whipped the wedding shirts.

It may have been that your father came out later, or he may have come with them, I cannot say just what time.

Can't you in your mind's eye see him making juaunts to Clarke County (may-be on the sly) deserting the belles of Greene County, paying gallant court and finally winning the charming Emily James as his bride?

That wedding Day, it must have witnessed a great gathering of aristocracy on both sides of the family, but in later years, I am told of visits he made back to the alluring society of the Canebrake, where the gentlemen of that day passed happy hours in the art of winning and losing.

In such homes as "White Hall", "Old Athol", "Thorn Hill", "Gainswood", (built and owned by General Nathan Whitfield) "Rosemont", "Peachly" and "Forest Hill", life was resplendent in culture, charm, high mental attainments and luxury.

"Peachly" was the home of Dr. Griffith Griffin, and "Forest Hill" was the home of Dr. Reese. Here your father was always an especially welcomed guest. In my youth, I have heard the Mistress of "Peachly" (then an elderly lady) tell how Major Semple and other gentlemen would be the guests of her father. How great were the festivities, how brilliant and scintillating the wit and what merciless slaughter of viands took place.

Her favorite servant, Joe, was always placed at the disposal of the "Gentlemen", to be used especially by them. The festivities lasted a week and at the end of the time Joe, though physically exhausted by answering their beck and call, was happy because of his bulging pockets and was ever loath to see the guests depart.

Is it not the Author of "Stars Fell On Alabama", who wrote of these celebrated old homes in the Canebrake?

Dr. William Armstead's home at Mount Meigs was famous for its hospitality. His vivid personality, his fine mental attainments and keen sense of humor combined to make him a charm-

ing host. He lived to a ripe old age, blissfully unconscious of any change from Antebellum times. His servants, he kept from time immemorial, his care for them and their devotion to him was entirely typical of the days before the War. He was about your father's age, and they must have been at "William and Mary" together.

Cousin Churchill was a constant visitor at my uncle's home, and on one occasion related very tenderly to Dr. Armstead the plight of an old gentleman recently moved to Montgomery from Virginia, who had never worked, did not know how, and consequently feared the evil day when something must be done. Said he, "In fact, Bill I wish you would invite the old man out to spend the day, you Virginia gentlemen might find a good deal in common". Shortly after, the old gentleman bringing a cotton umbrella arrived to spend the day. He stayed for thirty years, outlived my uncle and was buried in the family lot of the Armsteads in Oakwood Cemetery.

The Doctor paid him the high compliment of naming one of the little negroes born on the place, Tom Gardner, in honor of his house guest for thirty years.

I wish every wanderer in this homeless world might find such lodgement as did this soldier of fortune, for the Armstead table fairly groaned with delectable food, prepared by Margeret, whom Uncle Bill found, an abandoned infant in a swamp. Her family gave her to Uncle Bill in exchange for a white steer. In his house, she was tenderly cared for, was married in the "White Folk's" parlor, reared a large family which lived on the bounty of "Marse Bill" throughout their natural years.

Your brother, "Darry", once said that the only antique he ever wanted was Uncle Bill Armstead's dining room table, with a broken leg in the middle from its over burden of food.

About once a year in company with his wife, Aunt Eliza, Dr. Armstead would visit the "dear Town" as he sarcastically called Montgomery. He would deposit her at the home of some relative, promising to call for her later. He then would fare

forth to meet his hosts of friends, make sudden purchases, transact any urgent business, returning in the shade of the evening for his wife. Shortly after one of these trips, a list with many engagements was found, evidently dropped by him at his departure, at the bottom of which was the precaution carefully written, "Don't forget Liza". This may have been found at your home where they often visited.

Now coming down the years I will remember the family connection being entertained by the following incident. Your father gave a very elegant stag dinner in honor of some prominent out of town members of the Bar. Some time before the occasion, he brought home some very special cheese which was imported, and smelled to high heaven. After an elaborate repast faultlessly served, came the coffee and in a lull, Cousin Churchill turned to the butler and in a whisper asked, "Where is the cheese," to which he replied in an audible tone, "Huh, Miss Em had dat buried las week".

How in my childhood and as a girl I enjoyed Cousin Churchill's visits to our house, he was always accorded great deference and respect. Going around to Miss Laura's (Mrs. Sam Marks) or to Cousin Mary Eliza Mathew's he frequently dropped in to see us. In summer he wore a striped seersucker suit. His complexion was ruddy and he was ever jovial and entertaining.

You know more of the famous "Semple Battery" than I do. The Flower of the South was represented in its ranks. Many of the illustrious names of the state adorned its roster. All who went forth and many who never returned added fame and glory to our Southland.

I believe I was more grieved over your father's death than any outside of my immediate family. My world was young, but I was old enough to realize that in his passing there was a severed link of an ideal Day. A Day that was done, representing the culture, the courage and the chivalry of the old South. It also meant the breaking of close ties, and the ending of a

tender relationship covering a period of many years fraught with sunshine and shadows, smiles and tears. The passing of one who dearly loved his blood and cherished the priceless traditions gleaned from the Armstead Old Dominion forming the warp and woof of our great State, Alabama, to which so many of our family have added lustre in the pages of its history.

Mary Semple Galye Law

SOME CONFEDERATE LETTERS OF I. B. CADENHEAD

Co. H., 34th Alabama Infantry Regiment*

When you write just direct your letters me, Co (H) 34th Ala. Regt. Army of Tenn, I am as well satisfied here as I could be any where in the army, I saw my old Company & spent a part of a day with them they are doing finely, sind Dick Simons wife word he is well, I saw Cris Watly he is well, write soon & oftin as convenient & I will do the same, hoping soon to see you soon I remain as ever your devoted husband until death.

I. B. Cadenhead

I. B. Cadenhead a Private in Capt. N. Tucker's Co. F, of the 45th Regt Ala. Vols age 31 years height five feet eight inches Complexion Light eyes light Hair Light and by Profession when enlisted a Farmer Born in Barbour County of Ala and enlisted in the County of Russell State of Ala on the 5th Day of April 1862 and to Serve for three years on the war Subsistance is finished said Soldier for Two days has received his fifty Dollars wages also Coat & Pants Eleven Dollars

August 1st, 1862

N. Tucker, Capt.

I. B. Cadenhead
Company F.

Macon Co Ala May 22 1864

Dear Wife I seat my self to rite you a fiew lins to let you heare from mee I am well as Common I was very sick last thursday When I received your Letter I was glad to heare from you an the Children that you weare well and geting on well with your Crop do the best you Can my Deare Companion for your self and our Little Children I have tried to Com home

*Copies of original correspondence now in the hands of Mrs. V. C. Curtis, of Phenix City. The letters are published just as written. No effort has been made at the editing of them and they indicate the some times difficult circumstances of the soldier to communicate with the folks at home.

I cant get of Do not griev your Self about mee I shall do the Best I can and I pray to my God to Live to get home to you and the Children agane you must kiss thin for mee Fanny I expct to Leave hare to morrow For Dalton I went to the major this morning he says he will send mee to the 34 Regiment I will get inn for Mr. Mclane if I Can I will Write to you as soon as I get thare the Major says I may go as a volintear he will sind off about one hundred men out of Camps and I do not kow how many out of the gard hous theare is sixty od in the gard hous Mr. liles has not binn heare I have not sean him I was sorrey to heare you had lost your little Calf try to get your peas planted as soon as you Can and when you write to mee write hou your Crop is doing Fanny dont writ to mee untill I write to you agane I will write to you as soon as I Can you may bee shoure I will close for this time By sending to you and the Children My best lov and Respects hoping to remain your Beloved husband untill death

I. B. Cadenhead to L. F. Cadenhead

May & 26 1864

Wespoint Georgia

Deare Companion it is with peasure I take my pen in hand to write you a fiew lins to let you heare from mee one more time I am well and hope this will find you all well and doing the same fanny I am on the to dalton to the 34 Regiment mr mc Canes Company is fool I am going to Company -h- in the hirty fourth I will writ to you as soon as I Can I have not time to write but do the Best you Can my Deere wife for your self and Children I hope to get home to you Before a grate whil I have heard this moining the yankey Cavalry has got on this side of atlanter I expect to bet inn a Battle soon and if I get killed I feel like in a gust Cus it is for you and our little Children that I am willing to fight for I must Close I. B. Cadenhead.
forget mee not my Dear wif kiss our Dear little Cildren for mee and tell them pa lovs them more than all this world may God Bless you my dearwife.

Fare well for this tim.

I. B. Cadenhead
to Leusa F. Cadenhead.

June 10th/64

Mrs Cadenhead

Permit me as a friend to send to you my best respects, give my respects also to Mr. Tucker & family. Tell him to write me I would be pleased to hear from him, I have had fine health in service Trusting the war will soon end & all get home, I am respectfully,

J. R. Page

Co. (K) 34th Ala. Regt.

Tupelo

Miss- July the 12 1862

Deare wife and Children I take my pen in hand to write to you once more to let you heare from mee once more I am well and I hope this my letter Will Com safe to hand Finding you all well and doing well I Received you kind and affectionate letter this morning By mr Rodgers I was very glad to heare from you and sorry to heare that you and wille ware sick o that I Cold Be with you my Deare wife and Children I have written sevel letters to you and have bin looing for a letter evry day my Deare wife It grieves my harte to Be away from you But it is for you and my little Children I Com heare for I have Bin sick with the dierah and Cold more than half of the Redgment has Bin sicck at one time F stevens and dick sims is at the horspittle and many others bule havard and Joseph halt is at the horse-pttle I was Right sick for 2 weeks I Cold go about all the time I was not well anough to drill T. Robinson and John hinson is well one of the young mr thompsons dide last sunday knight, henry Jackson is well you wanted to mee to write to you about having nothing to eat for five days I have had plenty of meat and bred and molasses rice and water when I Commenst geting well tha gave me rice tell I didnot like to see it tho it was the Best for mee we have lime water to youse it very Cool well water we are diging wells I think we have anough I Did send my things back from montgomery I Could not have my likeness

taken if I ever Can I will and send it to you my Deare wife dont think hard of me for not sending it to you and I would pay for the letters I have sent you I have not Drawn know money yet some says we will Draw Before long I have as many Cloths as I Can manage at this time dont try to send me any Cloths unlss I writ you word for them I have not sean ay yankeys since I have bin heare only some prisners I heard some of the bouys say they brought sixty inn tupelo day before yesterday eve we have about 200 thousand trups heare we may stay heare along time and we may not I Cant tell any thing about that write to me soon as you get this and let me heare from you and if you have got that money from tucker.

I Cant tell half ho i do want to see you and rena and willie may God Bliss you my deare wife and Children I will Clos Bys sending my Best love to all my friends and relatives tell elbert and nancy I hope they will pray for mee and I hope you will ask God to have mesa on m puting all your trust inn him I. B. Cadenhead to leuisa F. Cadenhead Lorenzo W. Cadenhead

William M Cadenhead pas sweete little children
God bliss you.

In line of battle ner Atlanta

Ga, July 23 d 1863

Mr. C. Dicken to Mrs Faney Catenhead, Sister it become my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Catenhead is nomore

he was killed on yesterday, in A charge on the enemy I doonot know where he was struck, but from what I can learn he was shot through the chest with A miney ball, I saw him lying on the field, but we was retreating and there was no time for me to examin him further then to see that he was dead his boddy was left in the hans of the enemy, I simpethise greatly with you in your loss but I hope our loss is his Eternal gain, I have talked with him several times on the subject of religion and he seemed to be purfectly, resined to the will of providence and seemed to be anctious to connect himself to the church sister I know the news of his death will be heartrending news to you but you must bare it the best you can, and look to A, kind providence for protection in time and ever lasting, bliss in A world to come, sister I am happy to state to you that I come out of the file unhurt and with A reasonable portion of health, hoping these lines may reach you and find you and the children well we captured about three thousand prisners, and captured forty pices of artillry, I remain your affectionate brother, C. Dicken

write as soon as you get this

in line of Battle Near Atlanta Ga.

July the 23 d 1864

Mrs Cadenhead

by the request of Mr. Cadenhead I drop you a few lines which will inform you that your husband fell to death on yesterday the 22 day of this inst about two oclock we were ordered to charge the enemy he as a brave soldier and one that was willing to give his life for his country as well as his Wife and children moved of in line and stood to his command until he fell victim to death I know that this will be painful to you I must say this to you that I as a stranger to you and him I have had several conversations with him upon the subject of death he sayed to me their was one thing that he was sorry for & that he had not united himself with the church before he left hime but he felt as if it was pleasing God to call him from time to

eternity that he was willing to but but at the same time the he was shot in the breast he was left in the hands of the enemy I am in hopes that your loss may be his eternal gain we are taught that the lord is good a strong hold in the day of trouble and he knoweth them that trust in him then I say trust in the lord he is able and willing to protect you as it is about dark I come to aclose by saying may the God of heaven bless you and may he give you that spirit to inable you to meet with them that have gone before it is the prayer of your friend

James T. Moore Sergt, of
Co. K. 34th Ala. Vol.

Atlanta August the 5th 1864

Mrs. Cadenhed Dear friend as A Letter has Come to the Company for Mr Cadenhead from you I felt it my Duty to ansor it and let you No what has become of him I Regreat Vey Mutch to Say to you that on the 22nd of July he kiled on the Battle field he allso was Left in the hands of the enemy as we had made A Charge on thir Brest works and then had to Retreat Back and he was Left My Reason for Braking open the Letter was to se that it was from you and allso to No how to Direct A Letter to you was quite A Stranger to me But Me and Mr Cadenhead was aquentead I saw him after he was Ded and Wood have taken his things out of his Pocket But time Wood Not Permit me to Do So it greavs me vry Mutch to write this Aufaul knuse to you. But Do not take it No harder than you Can help he was a good Solger and Dide Defending his Country He was Brave and Beloved By all his Company So I will Close as it is Late

Yores vry Respectaley

I. G. Patten th
of Compbey 34 " Ala.

lauderdale Co Mississippi Sept the 1 1862

Mv Deare Companion I take my pen inn hand to Rite you a fiew lins to let you hear from mee I am not well at this time but on the Mend I Can go a bout the place any wheare I Came heare

the 8 of Aug My Complaint weare diereare mostly if get no Back set I think I will son Bee able to goo to my Redment it is at Chataneuga I have drawn nine dollars and have spent a part of that for some little nurshment to eat I have plenty to eat of meat Bread Rice Coffee and surip good water I hope this letter will Come sage to hand and find all Well and doing the same my Deare Wife and little Children Do the Best you Can foro your Selves and I will do the same I dont want to grieve a Bout mee for I think I will soon Bee as well as Common you Cant tell half how I wold like to see you and our deare little Children I hope it will not Bee long tell I Can Come home I hop this wore will Come to a Close I Can not tell wee intenn to whip the yankeys Before wee stop and that wold not take long if they wold Come out on fare ground they get whipt when they get out from there gun Bots I dont heare of But little fighting going on now.

I have a man here at the horsepittl that says he and Clark Conine was Both inn the same Company and the yankees taken Clarke prisneo I want you to Rite to mee soon as you get this letter and let me heare from you give my respects to elvert naney and family and all my Relatives and incurring friends

nothing more at present.

I remain your affectionate

husband untell deth

I. B. Cadenhead-to- L-F- Cadenhead

Springs Miss Sept the 13- 1862

Dear wife I take my penn inn hand to write (torn off) fiew lins to Let you heare From mee once (torn off) I am not well But on the mend I Can bout verry well I hope this will Com to hand and Find you all well and doing the same I Received your kind letter this morning and glad to heare From you I received one last weak and should have wrote Before this time I had started one the day Before and was waiting for you to write I wrote to you to send mee five dollars I dont see any Chance to get a furloue tho I will if I Can I have dran nine dollars but spent writ smart of that for some nonshments to

eat I dont want you to disfernish you self for mee I Can make out better than you Can I will try to Come By home if I Can I Cant tell how long I will have to stay here if I Cant get a furloue to Come home I will stay till I get Ale to march my Back dont hurt mee much at this time it is mostly inn my knees I think I can Come By home when I start to my Regiment I do want to see you and the Children very much indeed Crops is sarey heare I have had to give as high as one dollar and a half for one half grone Chicken to make mee some supe when I Cold not eat any thing elce I was not sow Bad of But three or fore days till Cold eat a most any thing write to mee as soon as you Can let mee heare hou you are get a long I wold bee so glad to Bee with you if I Cold marion Crevlane is at this plase he says hee thinks he wold bee able to go to his Regiment in a Bout tenn days I will send this By hand to opelika I have not tim write any more at this time give them all my Best live and respects tell sis I wold have wrote to heare Before this time I have got But little paper and when you get a letter She Can heare from me tell her to write to mee as son as she Can.

I Remane your affectionate husband untell Death

I. B. Cadenhead to Luisa F. Cadenhead

DIARY OF TURNER VAUGHAN*
CO. "C." 4th, ALABAMA REGIMENT, C.S.A.

COMMENCED MARCH 4TH, 1863 and ENDING
FEBRUARY 12th, 1864.

March 4th, 1863.

General Hoods division, composed of Law's Alabama brigade, Robinson's Texas brigade and Anderson's and Bennings Georgia brigades, are encamped on the Richmond and Petersburg Rail Road about six miles below Richmond. To visit the City passes are granted daily to two privates from each Company and two officers from each regiment. The cars stop early every morning to take them on.

Rode to Richmond with Capt. Robbins having a pass 'till 1/2 past five, this evening. Went to the Senate and listened to quite animated and interesting discussion between Mr. Yancy of Alabama and Mr. Wigfall of Texas on the impressment of private property by Military officers. When the debate closed went down on Main Street and took a snack at a restuarant—two small pies, two glasses of milk, a few little pieces of cake and glasses of jelly—bill \$3.50. Passed down the street—bought a hat for \$2.00—common felt woth in times of peace about \$2.50. Also handkerchief for \$5.00 and a cotton shirt at the same price. Sauntered around awhile "to see what we could see." took two dozen fried oysters at \$1.00 dozen went into another eating establishment and took dinner/ -bill \$8.00, making \$14 — spent in eating. Grew tired of Richmond, went to Ala. depot for some blankets we had left there got some and returned to camp. I noticed a great many well dressed officers, on the streets think they have never done any fighting, nor seen any hard sacrifice.

*Original in possession of Paul Vaughan, a grandson, Tremont St., Selma, Ala.

March 5th

I am officer of the guard to day. Nothing of interest—doing— Two men made to mark some time for going to Richmond without proper authority.

March 6th

Relieved from guard this morning and rested today. Wm. Harrison returned to the company to night -having been home on furloughm briught me letters fro Pa and sister Maggie and a bill of ex-change calling for \$200.00.

March 7th

Went to Drewry's Bluff today to see the fortifications there which I deem almost impregnable- the strongest -point- being one iron battery of thee six-inch rifle pieces. Saw the Merrimack No. 2 (first iron clad I ever saw) and second wooden gun boats of smaller size. Stopped with Capt. Robins on the way back and got a dinner for 75 cts.

March 8th

Sunday— no preaching, Wm. Frzier our chaplain, sick in Richmcnd.

March 10th

Went to Richmond today—Got my money bought 3 1/2 yards of Government cloth at \$7 dollars a yard. Left at a tailors with my measures.

March 12th

Talking to night with Captain Robbins and Grey Haden about sweet hearts. Grey said to me, "Turner did you ever say to your sweet heart- I'd rather die with you than live without!" We all laughed G— was say— he was in earnest. We laughed the louder, we laughed him to shame. He then pretended to be

jesting, but he had asked me the question with so much feeling that it was evident he had either written or said it to his own lady love on a former occasion. Some one told an anecdote of General Hoods. A member of some regiment band had sent up an application for a furlough. He returned the application without approval writing upon the back. "Shooters before Tooters"

March 14th

Captain Robbins left for Danville yesterday. Sergeant Raiford and Dick Lowrey returned land night, having been home on furlough. A Terrible explosion took place at the Government-Labratory yesterday, accompanied with serioud loss of life. As near as I can learn twelve persons, most of them girls were taken dead from the ruins. The number of wounded 20 or 30. The accident - occured on Brown's Island opposite the lower end of 7th Street- Richmond.

March 15th

Col. Bowles returned to the Regiment- yesterday evening, aldo several officers and men, belonging to the different companies. Grice still lingers at home or on the way there keeping me from getting a furlough. No preaching to-day.

March 18th

Received orders early this morning to get every thing in readiness to leave in half an hour. Took us all by surprise. No one knew where we were going. Took the Richmond road and, meeting the newsboys, learned from the papers that the Yankees were crossing the Rappahamock. Continued the march through Richmond towards Ashland. Left Ashland to the right- Halted to night- 18 miles from Richmond which added to the 6 miles from Richmond to camp makes a total of 24 miles.

March 23rd.

Remained at our halting place on the 19th waiting for orders. Heard that Stuard had driven the enemy back across the

Rappahamock. Got orders on morning of the 20th to return to our former camping ground at Richmond. Left about 8 o'clock. Being unwell I got permission to come down on the cars and report to the officer's hospital. Got to Richmond about 3 o'clock P. M. being detained several hours on the road. Found that the division had passed through several hours before, after an unusually hard march. I forgot to state that on the evening of the 19th it commenced snowing keeping it up, through the night the ground with a snow 8 or 10 inches in dept. I reported at the officers hospital after making, by good luck, the acquaintance of Mr. Bigge- son of a member of the Virginia Legislature, being invited to his fathers home, accepting the invitation, becoming acquainted with the family, drinking to the health of the old lady and success to the son, and partaking of a good dinner. I & I & I Remained at the Officers Hospital until the evening of the 21st. Left Hospital in a shower of rain got my passport and suit of clothes, and came out to camp on the cars. Found every thing in bad condition. Very few tents ground covered with snow, very wet where we had to sleep. Lieut. Grice returned yesterday evening looking well and bringing us some "good things" to eat.

March 27th

Went to Richmond yesterday took breakfast at the American \$2.00 bought pair of shoes \$25.00. writing paper selling at from 2 to 4 dollars a quire. Led pencils from 1 to 1 1/2 dollars. Took dinner at American \$13.00. Retd to camp on evening train.

March 28th

With Lieut. Grice called on the two Miss. Wilsons-"Country girls"- living about two miles from camp. Staid all night with a Mr. Smith.

March 29th

With Lieut Grice went out into the country and took dinner with Wm. Lithgow.

March 30th

Moved company today about one and a half miles.

April 2d

Left camp this morning at day break and took the telegraph road to Petersburg. It is now one o'clock and we have halted 3 or 4 miles from Petersburg- I suppose for the night. I have not been well for several days.

April 3rd.

Commenced the march this morning at 6 o'clock. Came through Petersburg in column by company. Have halted 3 miles from town in a South- easterly direction.

April 7th

Went to Petersburg yesterday to see Aunt White. Found her residence on "Old Street". She has rented out her house and is now occupying only two rooms, which she reserved for herself. She expects to leave for Ala. today or tomorrow. I met Reuben Kidd at house. We left about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. After knocking around town an hour or two with Lieut, Newman of Co. H and spending about 40 or 50 dollars. I left town for camp I saw more pretty women in Petersburg than I have seen elsewhere in Virginia, We have orders to march tomorrow morning at day light- destination not known.

April 8th

Left camp today at day light, took the Jerrusalem plank road and marched 21 miles. camped for the night.

April 9th

Left camp this morning at 7 o'clock. Resumed our march on the plank road marched 18 miles. Halted 9 miles from Jerusalem. It is supposed that our intention is to attack the federal force now at Suffock.

April 10th

Marched this morning at sunrise passed through Jerusalem at 10 o'clock- a shabby place "when I forget thee O Jerusalem". etc. Halted for the night less than a mile from Franklin with orders to coop up four days rations as soon as possible. It is supposed that we will lose no time in attacking Suffock. The men are now being supplied with ammunition.

April 11th

Marched this morning about sunrise. Passed through Franklin about very early. It is a depot on the Weldon and Suffock R. Road and a very insignificant place. Passed through Carrsville a pretty village, about noon. Passed over the field and road where General Pryor fought the enemy some time ago, signs of battle very evident. Camped tonight three miles from Suffock. Will probably fight tomorrow.

April 12th

Bright and beautiful morning. The men are as careless as if nothing of importance was on hand.

We moved our position once last night about 12- only a few hundred yds to put us in line of battle. Before lying down Tom Beaty and my self went off to our selves and knelt in prayer May God be my protection in this battle as He has been heretofore. I feel confident that if there was less profanity and more prayer in our army all things would be well. May God bring about the change. 10 o'clock our regiment is now on picket far in advance of the line of battle "A & D deployed skirmishers 6 & 8 yankee pickets- were captured this morning 9 o'clock- night our regiment has returned to the brigade. We were not on picket as I supposed but were sent out to clear some roads and feel about for the enemy- Our days work has wearied us very much.

April 13th

Last night it rained. This morning it is damp and misty and quite unpleasant. Capt. Robbins lost his blankets yesterday and

after stretching mine we had nothing to cover with. I managed however, to borrow a blanket and sleeping on an oilcloth we made out very well. Pickets are firing pretty regularly. A few shells have been thrown by the enemy into the woods between us. Night- clear and cold. We have been lying still today. A good deal of musketry firing and shelling on the picket lines. Two of the 48th Alabama wounded.

April 14th

Cannonading was kept up during last night and continued this morning. The regiment has orders to fall in. Noon - regiment now on picket - Companies C. & F. on the outpost nearly a mile in advance of the line. The Yankees shell us occasionally and our videtes keep up a pretty brisk musketry fire. "Nobody hurt".

April 15th

Companies C & F still on picket. Rained slowly all night. Stretched a blanket and made our very well. Raining this morning. Evening - Our companies were releived about 4 O'clock by Georgians. Our brigade was moved up to the left 3 or 4 miles to Anderson's position. No fires allowed. Quite cold. Blankets all wet - In our company has been hurt (imagine the word *no one* was omitted. MA.) In the 15th Alabama one killed by grape shot, one wounded by minnie ball.

Thursday April 16th

Cloudy today - no rain yet. 4 companies from our regiment on picket line Very little picket firing going on. Plenty of shelling. Got a letter today from Fred who is sick in the Atlanta Medical College - Also a letter from a female friend. Cousin Wm. L. has just returned from home. Heard today that Captain Turner of the Texas scouts was killed yesterday. 4 Companies on picket tonight.

Friday April 17th

We were roused from our slumbers about 4 O'clock this morning. Reported that four companies of our regiment on

picket were surrounded and cut off. Carried us nearly to the river, false report, brought us back without being shelled. Wrote to Fred today. Will Send letter by Sledge Co. "D" who leaves tomorrow. Our company and Co. "F" go on picket tonight.

Saturday April 18th

On picket today at the fort, and old fort erected in 1812 and repaired in 1862 by General Hughes. We have five guns mounted, 3 napoleons and 2 - 24 howitzers. There are three gunboats lying in the river in front of us not a mile off. We are waiting for them to commence the attack. Their sharp shooters are shooting at us continually. Two men in our regiment were wounded here yesterday. Sgt. Hunter of Co. "B" dangerously by a piece of shell and Barker of Co. "A" by a sharpshooter on the other side of the river.

2 O'clock in the fort. I am lying in a bomb-proof- a pit dug in the ground and covered with plank and dirt for the men to get into to escape fragments of bursting shell. It is cool & pleasant in here and I have entered it to avoid the hot sunshine without. The gunboats have thrown 12 shells at us, some of them bursting on the edge of the fort our batteries have not replied. No firing going on at present except by sharp shooters.

Sunday April 19th

We were relieved about 8 o'clock last night, got to camp by 10, Heavy cannonading at midnight. Capt. Dobbins (?) had prayer meeting today.

Monday April 20th

Just as we were about to lie down last night orders came for us to "fall in". We were carried to the entrenchments and lay there all night, placing videts in front as usual - an advance movement of the enemy was expected. Tis our shame, I must say, they made a brilliant dash upon the old fort where we were on picket and captured the garrison and 5 pieces of artillery stationed there. The place was taken completely by surprise and I suppose almost without the firing of guns. The men captured

were from the 44th Ala. Regiment. After removing men and guns to the other side of the river the Yankees quietly left. I give the devil his due, it was a brilliant affair.

April 21st

Companies "C" and "F" on picket today.

April 22nd

Still on picket. My detachment of 11 men and 2 non com. are separated from the rest by marsh. We form the left of own picket line. I was ordered by Col. Scruggs last night to dig two rifle pits. Dug one, failed to dig the other on account of many roots in the ground and want of spades.

Thursday April 23rd

Was relieved from picket last night by Co. "B". I succeeded yesterday in digging another rifle pit - placed two men in it and commenced firing at the yankees working on the redoubt opposite us. This provoked from them a heavy shelling which however did no harm. Their firing was very accurate, one of the shells bursting within a few feet of the pit and another passing through the center of a pine tree (a foot and a half in diameter) behind which a picket stood.

Friday April 24th

Commenced raining yesterday evening and rained slowly throughout last night - raining again this morning.

Saturday April 25th

Roused this morning before day. Regiment carried to the entrenchments to be ready for an expected attack. Nothing of the kind taking place we returned to our quarters about sunrise. All quiet this evening.

Sunday April 26th

Camp was shelled last night - A boy named Kelton, who had come to substitute his brother of Co. "B" for 60 days was struck in the back by a piece of shell and killed.

Monday April 27th

Camp again shelled last night, most of the boys have made their bunks inside the entrenchments so as to sleep without being disturbed or without being in danger.

April 28th

Nothing doing today more than usual amount of shelling and picket fighting. Co. "C" on picket last night. A young man was standing by my side and we were gazing upon the shell making their beautiful curves (plainly seen by the burning fuse) when one bursted about a hundred yards off, a fragment striking the ground just in front of us and rebounding struck the young man on the leg. It had lost its force and did him no harm.

April 30th

Orders this morning to be in readiness for an attack at any moment. Some few Yankees had crossed the river at old ford. I think their object was only to destroy it and not to cross as was first supposed. Our camps have been shelled today with some accuracy. The men have been driven to the ditch. A shell burst over us in a few minutes ago tearing up the haversack on one of the men. Mr. Carroll has come to the regiment just from Fredricksburg - nothing new there.

May 2nd

Wagons were yesterday ordered several miles to the rear, 40 rounds of cartridges distributed. News that General Hooker had crossed at Fredericksburg. Mr. Carroll preached today.

Wednesday, May 6th

We had a heavy skirmish with the enemy on Monday the 3rd inst. they having thrown a division across the Nansemond.

At night we left Suffolk and marched all night crossing the back waters on the morning of the 4th and halting a mile this side of Franklin to cook rations. Finished cooking at 6 o'clock in the afternoon and continued the march to about 7 miles above Franklin and 28 or 30 miles from Suffolk. Slept from 12 till 4. Resumed the march at daylight. Reached Ivy Station at 2 o'clock p. m. Took the cars there for Petersburg. Which place we reached in the afternoon about 5 o'clock. We are now 2 miles from P. on the P. & R. road.

May 11th

Reached Frederick Hall on yesterday evening. Have been resting today a mile from that station. Heard today of the death of Gen. Jackson.

Friday, May 15th

Left Frederick Hall on Wednesday. Passed through Louisa C. H. on the 14th. Halted this evening about 5 miles from Raccoon Ford. Had inspection of army. Listened to a most excellent sermon.

Sunday, May 17th

Moved Camps yesterday evening nearer to the Rapidan, 15th Ala. now on picket.

Sunday, May 31st

Left our camps on the Rapidan today. Marched in direction of Fredericksburg 17 or 18 miles.

Monday, June 1st

Returned to our camp today near Raccon Ford. Some movement in the Yankee army near Fredericksburg. Led our Generals to suppose that they were about to cross the river there.

Thursday, June 4th

Left our Camp at daylight, crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford.

Friday, June 5th

Camped last night a mile from Culpepper. Got a pass from Gen. Law, went to town and purchased a pair of boots for \$40.00 worth in time of peace not more than \$3.00. There was a grand review of Stewarts' entire cavalry force. Our division was carried out to witness it. This took place in a large field 3 or 4 miles above Culpepper. Received a letter this evening from a friend—a young lady in Alabama.

Sunday, June 7th

Received orders suddenly yesterday to march. Left camp at one o'clock marched through Culpeper towards Ellis' Ford. Rained all the evening. Arrived within a few miles of the ford about 10 o'clock at night. Received orders to lie down and get what rest we could and be ready to leave at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 in the morning. Everything wet—blankets, clothes and ground. Spent a very unpleasant night. We were not roused in the night as expected but got up this morning at daylight and retraced our steps towards our camp near Culpeper. Reached camp at 2 or 3 o'clock. Marched 20 miles there and back. Nothing accomplished—nobody hurt.

Wednesday, June 10th

Two cavalry men came at full speed into our camps today, shouting at ever leap of their horses "Where's the Infantry?, Where's the Infantry?" A crowd soon collected around them and learned a column of Yankee Cavalry was advancing through the town of Stephensburg, which is almost in our rear. We soon received marching orders. Hoods division was formed in line of battle at the Vase "Pony (?) Mountain familiarly known amongst soldiers as "Flag Mountain". McLaws division formed in our rear. We remained in that position till dark and then returned to camp. We have yet learned nothing definite about the matter from all accounts it appears that the Yankee Cavalry advanced to Stephensburg. Our small force there fled in terror—Not one of them hurt. I believe, by the enemy, though 2 of them fell from their horses and thus had their legs broken. There was heavy cannonading higher up the river at Kelly's Ford. It

is rumored that our Cavalry there was surprised and driven back towards Brandy's Station with the loss of 6 or 7 hundred in killed and wounded and missing. Among the killed is Col. Hampton, brother of General Wade Hampton of S. C. It is also rumored that General Stewart came up with reinforcements and drove the enemy across the river.

Saturday, June 13th

Our brigade moved today to the camping ground which we occupied last fall as we were on our way from Winchester to Fredericksburg—After the Maryland campaign. It is on the battle field of "Cedar Run" and about 5 miles from Culpeper.

Sunday, June 14th

I am on guard today. Our Chaplain had morning and evening services. His sermons were better today than usual.

Monday, June 15th

Left Camp this morning about 5 o'clock marching in the direction of Fort Royal. Crossed Hazel River about 3 o'clock p. m. Same road we travelled last fall in coming from Winchester. The day has been excessively warm. I have seen more men faint today than ever before. It is said that several have died. I have suffered from headache. Forded Cannon's or Thornton's River at 5 o'clock. Halted for the night in a clover field 18 miles from Culpeper making 23 miles we have travelled today.

Tuesday 16th

Resumed the march at early dawn. I had a glorious rest on the clover last night, feel much refreshed today. Marched the same road several miles, then took the right fork leading to Salem. Crossed the Rappahannock at "Rock Ford".

Wednesday, June 17th

Halted last night near Markham Station. Passed through Piedmont today about ——— o'clock. This is the place where our

regiment took the cars 23 months ago, on its way from Winchester to Manassas. What strange emotions thrilled me as I gazed upon the old station. Pa was with me then on a visit from home. Our regiment had never been in a fight. It numbered 6 or 8 hundred men most of them boys and all eager for battle. "The army of the Shenandoah was under command of General Joseph E. Johnson. Our brigadier was Bernard E. Bee. What a change! What a change!

Thursday, June 18th

Halting last night a mile from Upperville. Took the "back track" this morning for a short distance and then turned to the right on the road leading to Paris. Passed through Paris about 11 o'clock. Crossed the Shenandoah at Berry's Ford or Ferry about 2 o'clock. Commenced raining soon after. Poured down in torrents all the evening. Continued our march along the banks of the river towards "Snickers Gap". Camped in $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of "Snickers Ferry".

Friday, June 19th

Commenced cooking rations this morning. When orders came for us to march. Leaving a detail to cook we forded the river without stopping and ascended to the top of the mountain, forming in line of battle on the right and left of the Gap. We had just stretched our blankets when it commenced raining. It is falling now heavily. A gloomy night is before us.

Saturday, June 20th

We have been in the midst of a dense cloud all day. Though not actually raining everything has been wet by the heavy mist. Recrossed the river this evening about 5 o'clock. Waded without stripping, water waist deep, cooked rations tonight.

Sunday, June 21st

All quiet today—resting in camp.

Monday, June 22nd

Left camp at sunrise marching back in the direction of Berry's Ford, when near the ford, turned to the right taking the Winchester Pike at Millwood took the right hand road to Berryville. Halted for the night a mile from Milwood. Cooked one day's rations.

Tuesday, June 23rd

Rested today. Our camp is near the largest spring I ever saw. The spring is on the premises of a wealthy old gentleman who has some beautiful white and spotted deer.

Wednesday, June 24th

Left camp at daylight. Passed through Berryville at or about 7 o'clock. This place like most others which have fallen into the hands of the enemy have been fortified. Verily their fortifications do them but little good. 1,500 of the prisoners captured by Gen. Ewell were taken at this place. Passed through Midway in the evening. Camped two miles that place.

Thursday June 25th

Marched at daylight. Passed through Martinsburg at 12 o'clock. Camped 4 miles from the Potomac tonight.

Friday, June 26th

Forded the Potomac at Williamsport at 8 a. m. Halted a mile from town and had issued to us rations of whiskey. Got orders not to burn rails while in Maryland. Entered Pennsylvania this evening. To the 26th of June is memorable from the fact that we breakfasted in Virginia, dined in Maryland and took supper in Pennsylvania.

Saturday, June 27th

Camped last night in several miles of Green Castle, passed today through Green Castle and Chambersburg. Camped tonight two miles above the latter place.

Sunday, June 28th

Resting in camp today. Our boys have been foraging all over the neighboring country. No one has committed any outrage upon the people that I have heard of, though they have perhaps taken from them more than they should have done of chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc. Stringent orders have been issued against such conduct by our generals, though it is rather a hard matter to restrain our troops when they remember the devastated plains of Virginia and the conduct of the Federals in other portions of our country especially in New Orleans and the Northern part of Alabama.

Tuesday, June 30th

Left camp at 8 o'clock this morning. Marched in an easterly direction and camped in a mile of the town of Fayetteville.

Wednesday, July 1st

Marched at sunrise. Our brigade on picket at an insignificant place called "New Guilford".

Thursday, July 2nd

Left camp at 2 o'clock this morning. Passed through a gap in "South (?) Mountain". Have seen today a good number of wounded both Confederates and Federals. There was a severe fight near "Cash Town" yesterday.

Friday, July 3rd

We fought a heavy battle yesterday. Our division was hotly engaged. The 4th Alabama suffered severely. Ten were lost out of our small company.

(GETTYSBURG)

Saturday, July 4th

There was heavy fighting yesterday. The cannonade has been the most tremendous I have ever heard. I have been able to learn nothing of the battle in other parts of the line, but I

suppose that the fight has gone against us. Benning's brigade being flanked our division has had to fall back.

A cavalry charge on our right was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy. Our boys really enjoyed that part of the battle. Heavy rains last night—all wet—

Sunday, July 5th

Left our position this morning in line of battle at 2 o'clock, under a heavy rain. Marching, it seems to me, in a south easterly direction. Camped tonight on top of South Mountain near Monterey Springs, very cloudy and damp ground very cold.

Monday, July 6th, 1863

Left the summit of the mountain this morning marching south westward. Passed through Hagerstown at midnight. Have camped tonight a mile from town.

Tuesday, July 7th

Cooked rations today. Brisk cavalry fight this evening at Funkstown in which Major Coleman of our regiment participated.

Wednesday, July 8th

Received our mail last night. Got three letters from home. Our mail carrier was chased by Yankee Cavalry. The mail for McLaws Division was captured. Rained throughout the night and still raining. I slept in an old barn.

Friday, July 10th

Left camp near Hagerstown this morning at 7 o'clock. Marched a mile down the turn-pike towards Williamsport and halted. Heavy cannonading in the direction of Boonsboro's Gap. Supposed to be a Cavalry fight. Moved again about 9 forming line of battle fronting the Antietam. Remained in line of battle several hours and then marched southward on the road to dam No. 4. Camped and cooked rations near the small town of Downsville. Battery men throwing up redoubts tonight.

Saturday, July 11

Moved down toward the Potomac a mile or more. The right of our division rests near the river. We have thrown up today a pretty good line of entrenchments.

Sunday, July 12th

Co. "C" on picket today. Melton and myself have been scouting to find the position of the enemy. Were within several hundred yds. of the Yankee lines. Rained hard this evening

Monday, July 13th

Still raining. Our company was relieved at 8 o'clock this morning. Received orders this evening to be ready to march.

Tuesday, July 14th

Left our position last night at 10 o'clock. Marched slowly (our progress being impeded by the wagon trains) all night through mud knee deep. Crossed the Potomac this morning on a pontoon bridge. Our regiment placed in rifle pits on this side. As the bridge was cut loose and swinging around to the Virginia banks some dozen or more of our skirmish line appeared on the other side. They were a few minutes too late for the bridge and throwing down their guns they wrung their hands with the most agonized expressions. We soon relieved them by sending over a boat and bringing them across. The Yankees fired a few shells and their skirmishers shot at us a little but did no damage. Camped tonight several miles from the river on the Martinsburg Road.

Wednesday, July 15th

Left camp at 1 o'clock p. m. Passed through Martinsburg and camped and cooked rations a short distance below Darksville (?)

Thursday, July 16th

Marched at sunrise and camped a mile or so above Bunker Hill.

Sunday, July 19th

Have been resting in camp for several days. Rev. Mr. Carroll of Selma preached for us today. Received orders this evening to be ready to march in the morning at 4 o'clock.

Monday, July 20th

Marched at daylight taking the road to Berryville, camped tonight about 4 miles below Berryville.

Tuesday, July 21st

Marched at 6 o'clock. Passed through Milwood and taking the Fort Royal road we forded the North and South Fork of the Shenandoah and camped a mile from Fort Royal.

July 22

Left camp at daylight. Passed through Fort Royal taking the road to Manassas Gap. Marching up the mountain until we had attained a good position, we were thrown into line of battle.

Andersons Brigade being on the right, our regiment next to it. Bennings brigade in the center, holding the road and the Texans on the left. We could see large bodies of Yankee Cavalry in the Hollows below & on the heights beyond. Threw out a line of skirmishers & drove back their line some distance which provoked from them a dozen or more shells. The rest of our brigade was left in rear as reserve.

Thursday 23d

Were relieved this morning by Wrights brigade of Sanderson's Division. Crossed the Blue Ridge at Chester's Gap and camped for the night half way between Flint Hill and Gaines X Roads and about 15 miles from Fort Royal. Our regiment under command of Gen'l Benning the rest of the brigade having gone on.

Friday, July 24th

Bennings brigade and our regiment had quite a skirmish with Yankee Cavalry today near Cannon's on Thornton's river.

We came near capturing the entire squad but they made their escape through a mountain pass unknown to us.

Saturday, 25th

Lieut. Grice and myself after crossing Wazel River left the road and went in search of something to eat.

Got supper at Mr. Pulliams. Slept in his barn and took breakfast with him this morning. Reached the regiment about 2 o'clock which we found camped at the old camping ground a short distance below Culpeper Court House. Capt Robbins returned to the regiment today.

Sunday 26—

No preaching this morning. General inspection of army at 1 o'clock this afternoon by Genl Longstreet.

Saturday, Aug. 1—

Have been lying in camp since we reached Culpeper. Yesterday afternoon after having drawn three days & before cooking it we were ordered to be ready to march in half an hour. Left at 4 o'clock P. M. marching down the Rail Road. Camped last night in an old field near the Rapidan.

Crossed the Rapidan this morning at Summerville ford. Marched by the camping ground which we occupied two months ago. Continued the march 8 or 10 miles on the Fredricksburg road. Sharp cannonading this evening back in direction of Culpeper. Supposed to be Cavalry.

Sunday, Aug. 2nd.

Marched back this morning towards the Rapidan and now each brigade in our division is camped on the same ground which it occupied from the 16th of May to the 4th of June. Back in our old camp again!!

Alas, Alas, for the Pennsylvania campaign which has taken from us so many brave hearts and stout arms, and profitted our country so little. It is with feelings of profound sadness that I

now look upon the places where our "killed, wounded and missing" boys slept two months ago. It is a fit time for the living to render thanks unto God for their preservation.

Tuesday, Aug. 4th.

Took dinner in the country today. Our brigade was paraded this evening to witness the execution of a sentence on one corporal—of the 48th Ala Regiment who was court martialed for desertion. He was marched up and down the lines under a guard, accompanied by a band and had on a "barrel shirt" with the word deserter marked upon it in large letters. He was also condemned to wear a ball and chain for a number of months.

Wednesday, Aug. 5th

Left camp this morning at 4 o'clock taking the plank road to Fredricksburg.

Camped tonight about 2 miles from Chancelorsville.

Thurs. 6th

Continued the march this morning. Passed over a good portion of the battlefield of Chancelorsville and the battlefield between that place & Fredericksburg, camped near FredKbg tonight.

Wednesday 12th August.

Moved camp today a short distance. No rain yet. Weather continued oppressively hot.

Thursday 20th.

Left camps this morning about 8 for Port Royal. This move will probably break up a protracted meeting which has been going on in our brigade for 2 weeks. Mr. Carrol, baptist minister from Selma being the principle actor. Several have embraced religion and last night 4 were received into the Baptist church.

On the march today we have found plenty of apples and some good peaches. When we first entered the service, in passing through an orchard, no man was allowed to pluck an apple or peach. In fact most of us thought it wrong and would not enter an orchard with out permission of the owner. But two years of living on bread and bacon and no vegetables has wrought a change. The soldiers system cries out for a change of diet—and now in passing an orchard he doesn't hesitate to get all the fruit he can. We camp tonight near an old brick academy 5 miles from Port Royal.

Friday, August 21st

Left camps this evening at 5 o'clock—reached Port Royal in the night and have camped in the town—our whole brigade.

Saturday 22d

Had brigade review this morning at 8 o'clock—another this evening at 5. Took dinner with Capt. Robbins at a private house.

Sunday 23d

Went to the Episcopal church to preaching Mr. Small from Selma was to have performed service but being unwell the appointed was filled by Mr. Frazier. Mr. Carroll preached in a grove to the soldiers and after service baptized 7 or 8 in the Rappahannock. Left Port Royal at 5 P. M. & camped tonight near the old academy where we were before.

Monday, Aug. 24th

Capt. Robbins and myself took dinner in the country at Mr. Collawn's and eat a watermelon—the second since I left home.

Thursday 27th

Capt. Robbins and myself took dinner in the country with a gentleman named Lewis—a conscript officer. A skirmish occurred yesterday between Yankee Cavalry & two regiments of our brigade—47 & 48 Ala. Yankees retreated with loss of 12 or 12. Preaching still continued in our brigade three times a day.

Sunday, August 30th.

Left camps early yesterday morning and returned to the company ground near Fredericksburg which we occupied 10 days ago. Preaching still continued daily and nightly in the brigade under the charge of Messrs. Carroll & Small of Selma and Frazier and McJunkin of the 4th & 15th.

Saturday, Sept. 5th

Everything continues remarkably quiet. Preaching still kept up. Mr. Frazier delivered an oration this morning on "The dead of the 4th Ala Regt who fell in the action at Gettysburg" Received orders this afternoon to cook rations & be ready to march.

Tuesday 8th—

Left camp this morning at daylight marching in the direction of Richmond camped tonight 9 or 10 miles from Hanover.

Wednesday 9th.

Reached Hanover junction about 9 o'clock A. M. took the cars at 5 P. M. & reached Richmond in the night—crossed the river and camped on the outskirts of Manchester.

Friday, Sept. 11th

Left Manchester yesterday evening changed cars at Petersburg and reached Weldon at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 in the morning. Left Weldon at 8 A. M. reached Raleigh at 4 P. M.

Saturday, Sept. 12—

When we reached Raleigh a number of our boys went up-town with the intention of destroying the Standard office. Col. Scruggs, being informed of it by Gov. Vance, who came down to the cars in his buggy, took the remainder of the regiment to arrest the offenders. He found them coming back. No one would tell them where the "Standard" office was. Left Raleigh yesterday evening for Charlotte, were delayed last night.

Monday, Sept. 14th

Reached Charlotte about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. Left about 8 and reached Columbia at ½ past four in the afternoon, changed cars at Columbia and reached Augusta at 10 this morning.

Tuesday 15th

Left Augusta yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock & reached Atlanta this morning at daybreak.

Wednesday 16th

Left Atlanta this morning at 7 & reached Dalton about 8 tonight.

Thursday 17th

Got off of the cars last night two miles below Ringold

(19 & 20 of Sept)

(Chickamauga)

Sept 20, 1863

Fought a severe battle yesterday. Of our Company no one was killed, wounded. Capt. Robbins, Lieut. Grive, Privates Labe Boyd, J. W. Cook, N. Lowery, J. M. Lusk, Ira Works, also Sergt. Melton & Corporation Sherrer—Battle ground between Ringold & Chattanooga.

Monday, Sept 21st

Fought again yesterday several hours Different portions of our army were engaged from morning til night. H. J. Friday of our company was dangerously wounded, also Stephen J. Miller. Thus out of 21 men with whom we entered the fight 11 have been wounded.

Thursday the 24th

The enemy being badly defeated on Sunday retreated that night toward Chattanooga. We have been following them

slowly and today (here I had a knight shot out of my pocket & my left badly bruised—also had my sword belt shot off) our company is on picket in front of the town, which they have strongly fortified.

Friday, Oct. 2nd

Nothing of any interest has transpired since the battle. Our line of battle now touches the river on the extreme right and left enclosing Chattanooga and its host of yankees. They make the air noisy day and night with the sound of busy axes, picks and shovels. We advanced our picket line several nights ago and dug our rifle pits within a few hundred yards of the Yankee breast works. The next morning a "Yank" cried out "Hello boys! What did you dig them holes for?" "Come over," said a rebel, "and see, and now tell us what you have thrown up all that dirt and piled up all those logs for." "Oh," said he, "We did that for a shade." Truly we know not "What a day may bring forth." The same summer has seen us fighting upon the soil of Virginia, of Pennsylvania and of Georgia, and who can tell where we may be a month hence? Perhaps where we are, probably somewhere in Kentucky, more probably somewhere higher up in Tenn. But it matters not where we are so we bear our banners bravely and stand up like men for our rightful inheritance.

Tuesday, Oct. 6th.

On Sunday morning our brigade was relieved in line of battle by Griggs brigade. We are now nearly a mile to the rear. Yesterday where was some cannonading along our whole line. Today everything is quiet.

Thurs., Oct. 8th—

Went to Hindmans Division today, saw my brother and several friends.

Sunday, October 11th—

Left camp on Friday. Had a most wearisome march over "Look Out" Mountain and halted for the remainder of the night

about 4 miles this (west) side of the base. Remained there until late the next evening then moved down the river several miles and halted last night at the base of Raccoon Mountain. Moved again early this morning to the banks of the Tenn. One of the roads by which Rosecrans supplies his army runs along the opposite bank of the river. Our object coming here is to blockade this road. Two companies of our regiment have been sent out and are now actively engaged in firing into their wagon trains.

Later—The companies on picket have done considerable execution—stopped the wagon train and killed a number of mules. The drivers left their teams and took to the woods as soon as the firing commenced. The road is very narrow and the wagons could not be turned around so they have been standing still since morning, the mules being exposed to a continuous fire from our picket lines.

Wednesday, Oct 14—

It has been raining without cessation for 2 nights & days. We are now most unpleasantly situated. Our picket duty is very heavy & rations are scarce. For meat we kill what sheep & hogs we can find but bread is very *hard* to get—looking for a supply today—there is no wagon road across the mountain to where we are and rations have to be brought to us on pack mules. The yankees have not tried to run the gauntlet with another train. They cross the mountain higher up on pack mules.

Thursday, Oct. 15th.

Our regiment was relieved yesterday by the 48th. It rained heavily all night and is raining still. A creek between us and our supply train is so swollen that rations cannot be brought today. The boys kill hogs and get a little meal at an old mill nearby.

22d

Left our camp Tuesday night just at dark. Now encamped on Lookout Mountain.

Oct. 27th—

For several days past we have been doing picket duty on the river, at the base of Raccoon Mountain. This morning just before day we heard brisk firing a mile or two above us where the 15th Ala was picket—The regiment was soon formed & marching to where the firing was heard we found the 15th in line of battle & the Yankees covering the range of hills on this bank of the river. They had crossed the river in the night & surprised our own pickets. They had us in a trap and could have captured us with ease had they pushed on. They seemed to be satisfied, however, with getting possession of the hills & we were not disposed with our small force to attempt to retake them, so we hurried out of the valley with all speed.

October 28th, 1863, Wednesday

We are today building breastworks at the base of "Lookout" Mountain near the R.R. bridge which spans Lookout creek. The movement of yesterday was an important one for Rosecrans. He has again possession of the wagon road which we took from him on the 11th inst. He also has or can have possession of the R.R. from Bridgeport to within a few miles of this place. With this additional means of transportation he can easily hold Chattanooga this winter. We are now shelling the Yankee Battery on Moccasin point from the top of Lookout Mountain.

Friday, Oct. 30th

Jenkin's, Law's & Robinson's brigades crossed Lookout Creek last night and attacked the Yankees with hopes of capturing their wagon train reported to be loaded with blankets & overcoats. Being largely outnumbered we were repulsed. The loss in Jenkin's brigade was between 3 & 4 hundred. Law's brigade being but slightly engaged lost but few men. Only one man killed in our regiment Anderson of Co "E"

Sunday, Nov. 1st

Our regiment was relieved last night. We are now on the east side of Lookout Mt. Charley Briggs returned today.

Friday, Nov. 6th—

Went on picket on the 4th. Were relieved last night & marched five or six miles through mud knee deep. Camped on Missionary Ridge. Will camp tonight about 2 miles from Lyner's station & take the cars in the morning for London.

Winter quarters near

Morristown E. T.

January 21, 1864.

What has been done since the above was written—the marches, counter marches, skirmishes & etc's would take up many pages. So I shall recount these as briefly as possible and as well as I can remember. We took the cars at Cleveland and rode to "Sweetwater". From that place we marched to London on the Holston River, and crossing about midnight at a Horse shoe bend, we threw up intrenchments across the neck of land to protect the remainder of our army in its crossing. The enemy made a demonstration against us but finding that our force was pretty strong, he fell back. The next morning our regiment was ordered to advance to find out something of our enemies force & position. Our skirmish line came suddenly upon the 111th Ohio Vol. Infty. and put them to flight capturing most of their camp equipment. The enemy seems to have had a force of 5 or 6 thousand strong near London. These we ran into Knoxville capturing their wagon train and several hundred prisoners. Without doubt we had several opportunities of capturing this detachment of Burnside's army. But our generals seem to be deficient in strategy or military ability of any kind. Having driven Burnside into Knoxville & being joined by Wheeler's command of Cavalry, which had been busy elsewhere, we invaded the place & hoped to capture it by starving the garrison. But the defeat of Bragg's army at Chattanooga blighted our hopes which had been quite flattering. As the Federal force was then living on quarter rations—Longstreets position was now a dangerous one. His communication with the South was cut & there was no way of re-enforcing him. It was evident to all that he determined to assault the place & take it in that way

if possible. The attack was made against the strongest part of their lines—a redoubt with several pieces of artillery & in front a ditch 5 or 6 ft deep & 8 or 10 wide. Around this ditch brush & telegraph wire were so arranged that our men after reaching it found it almost impossible to go any further.

A few however surmounted all difficulties & mounting the parapet were killed. The assault proved a failure and a few days after we left Knoxville and marched to Russellville—a small town on the R.R. about 50 miles from Knoxville and about 80 miles below Bristol. From Russellville we marched to Bean's station, at our back the Yankees and returning to Morristown we have erected winter quarters & are now enjoying a little rest.

Feb. 12, 1864

At "Home" on 40 days furlough.

Hear our company was caught in a hot place & nearly captured all of us. Hear Capt. Robbins again severely wounded & left in the hands of enemy, several others wounded. John Daniels killed—several captured who were afraid to risk running—the little stump behind which I fought had I guess a thousand bullets in it—ran out of the field into the woods & fought again behind trees—

Brother Henry was captured June 25, 1864. Pa received a letter from him dated Dec 12—He was at Fort Douglas, Ills.

JOE WHEELER'S CAVALRY AT MURFREESBORO

Headquarters Cavalry.

January 14, 1863.

Dear Colonel: I promised to write you posting you in reference to the movements of the cavalry, and particularly concerning the operations of the "Little Hero." During the late terrific battle of Murfreesboro, we operated principally in the rear of Gen. Rosecrans' army. About noon on the 30th, we arrived at the Jefferson pike, captured some thirty wagons and destroyed them. From thence we made the entire circuit, de-

stroying everything we could find belonging to Uncle Sam. We returned in time to take a hand in the tragedy of the 31st. We attacked them in the rear, routing their cavalry with only a slight loss to us. It was in this engagement that the gallant Col. Allen of the 1st Alabama, while cheering his men on the charge, had his sabre shot from his hand, which was shattered very badly. I regret to hear the wound will probably disable him for months. The cavalry feel the loss of such officers very much. His character for coolness in action, and wisdom in executing is of the very first order.—The dawn of the new year found us once more in the rear of the enemy, dealing destruction on every side. During these two trips to their rear we succeeded in destroying several hundred wagons, with about five hundred thousand dollars worth of stores. This movement disturbed the tranquility of the enemy's army very much and caused them to turn their attention to their rear, and when they sent out a train it was accompanied by two or three regiments of infantry, and a squadron of cavalry. While we were attacking a large wagon train at Cox's Hill, seven miles from Nashville, orders came for us to return. We did not, however, do so until we had routed their cavalry, and driven them back upon four regiments of their infantry. The "little Hero" displayed his usual ability in extricating himself and his command from the difficulty. To our great surprise, after traveling all night in the rain, we learned Gen. Bragg had left Murfreesboro, and on Sunday morning we rode into the town, which presented all the appearance of Goldsmith's deserted village, save the few straggling limping Federal soldiers. The Yankees did not learn of the evacuation until our army was some fifteen miles the start of them. After we left the town they sent a brigade in pursuit of us, which we engaged very warmly about five miles from Murfreesboro. Thinking they had come up with our forces, they gave their colors to the breeze, presented four regiments of infantry in line of battle, cavalry on the flanks, and artillery in favorable position. Little did they think that it was the "little Hero" with a band of three hundred Spartans who disputed their advance. For nearly three hours we held them in check giving them a most murderous fire from a well selected position. So stunning was the effect of this stand upon them

that they pulled up stakes and retired to a creek three miles from Murfreesboro, and have not been heard of since further than that point on the Manchester pike. They did great violence to the truth when their papers stated they followed us fifteen miles from Murfreesboro, and "nary" a rebel could they find. They did not try very hard to find Gen. Wheeler, for they knew him of old. After we had waited in vain for them to advance, we concluded to try him elsewhere, and without hardly taking time to wash our clothes started for his rear. Upon reaching Brentwood we discovered a large forage train coming out of Nashville, guarded by a heavy force of infantry and cavalry. Concluding "prudence was to better part of valor," they rapidly retreated, and soon got safe into their holes before we could get at them.

Forward—march, was the tune until we came to a point about eight miles from Nashville and four miles from the Cumberland river. We send a detachment, under Capt. McCann, to the river to capture any boats which could be found. About 10 o'clock at night they returned, having taken the steamboat "Charter," *en route* for Nashville, loaded to her utmost capacity with commissary and ordnance supplies for Rosecrans' army. Part of her cargo was one hundred and fifty bags of the "happy berry," which is now, I understand, worth four dollars per pound with you. The boys supplied themselves with about twenty pounds each, with bread and crackers to match, and the remainder of the lot, with the cargo was soon in ashes. Away we went to Harpeth shoals, and about noon of the 13th we brought to shore three large steamers loaded with Abolition wounded soldiers, cotton, hides, etc. After paroling the Federals we transferred them all to one boat, and was about ready to fire them, when suddenly steamed down one of their gunboats to recapture them. She presented a handsome appearance moving down steadily, with the "old flag" flaunting out to the breeze. For a moment there was a slight trembling in the ranks, but the boys stood fast, and gave the monster a warm fire of lead from their trusty rifles, which raised the ire of the crew on the gunboat, and sent back a similar fire, together with a louder salutation from their heavy guns. No sooner than she greeted

us with that order of music, our rifled pieces, well posted, returned it with very deep baritone, which the commander not admiring, lowered his colors and quickly sent up the white flag. Our boys shouted quite lustily, and in a few minutes were on board of her. I have the sword and pistols of the commander before me while I write. The commander is Lieut. Wm. Van Dorn, the cousin of our gallant cavalry officer in Mississippi. Having serious charges against him of burning houses on the shore, we sent him up to General Bragg, who will treat him to a dose of hemp, which I think he richly deserves. All ashore was sounded out, and in half an hour nought was to be seen but the smouldering and blackened hulks of two large steamers and one gunboat. You as well as your readers will doubtless say what cannot cavalry do. Certainly it is accomplishing wonders and winning all the glory. Well, we have halted at the hospitable house of Mr. Jackson, some twelve miles from Clarksville, to dry our clothes, after the heavy rain of yesterday. The snow has fallen to the depth of five inches and is still coming. Gen. Forrest has joined us, and you need not be surprised to hear that the cavalry are in Fort Donelson, and probably having a grand jubilee in Clarksville before many days. The *little hero* sits near me planning some other daring exploit, and his plans seldom fail. Morgan has destroyed the railroad communication, and we that of the river. What will Rosecrans do? Probably fall back to Nashville. Look out for other favorable news.

The General desires to be kindly remembered to you. I will write you again soon.

Truly yours,

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(Register and Advertiser, Mobile, January 27, 1863.)

NEWTON N. DAVIS* CONFEDERATE LETTERS

Contributed to the Department of Archives and History, by Prof. Henry S. Halbert, Pickens County, who was at the time of his death in 1916, a member of the Staff of this Department.

I don't want any more clothes yet. I have as many as I can carry in saddle bag.

Camp Near Tupelo, June 18th, 1862

My dear Bettie:

Your very welcome favor of the 11th Inst. came to hand day before yesterday. I was much gratified to learn that you were all well. You don't know how delighted I was to have a letter handed me unexpectedly backed in your own familiar hand. I could almost imagine that I was sitting by your side and listening to your own familiar words while reading its contents. It was utterly impossible for me to restrain my feelings when I read about dear little Willie. My eyes became so blinded with tears that I could read no further. Alas what tears have been shed, what pain and anguish of heart has been endured on account of this unjust and unholy crusade against the South. Oh would to God that it were at an end.

I am very sorry to hear that Billy Coleman and Jim Murray are so unwell. Joe Leonard is very much distressed about the loss of his child. He heard today by Lieut. Henry that both of his children were dead and that his wife was very ill. I hope that it is not the case. I intend making an effort tomorrow to get him a furlough to go home for a few days, although I don't think that I shall succeed. Furloughs come but seldom now, and then only to the favored few. Billy has been sick for several days and I have been advised by the Surgeon to send him home. Mr. Herron a young gentleman from Pickensville leaves here for home in the morning and I have concluded to send him as far as Columbus by him with instructions to leave him at Mrs. Davis' until you can send the wagon after him as he will

*Colonel of 24th Ala. Inf. Regt., wounded and captured at Franklin, Tenn.

not be able to walk from there home. I am fearful that he will have a long spell of the Fever before he recovers. I thought it best to send him home while I had an opportunity as I do not know how long we will remain here, and if ordered away soon I should be compelled to leave him behind to the mercy of strangers and perhaps never see or hear of him again. I can get along very well without him for a while. I have written to Mrs. Davis to take good care of him until you can send after him.

I am sorry to hear that Jim and Ira have to make such a long march. It is no pleasant job to march that distance through the dust this hot weather. It is impossible to say how long we will remain where we are now, but in my opinion it will not be long. One thing I think certain which is that there will be no more fighting of any consequence at this point. The scene will have to change to some other locality. It is rumored that our Division (Gen. Wether's) will be sent to Mobile and also that it will be sent to Chattanooga. Gen. Beauregard left here yesterday, report says for Richmond. Don't know the object of his mission. If I had my own choice I believe I had rather go to Mobile. I shall write to your Pappa tomorrow. I don't know what to say for the children but the same old song. I go to sleep thinking about the loved ones at home at night and wake dreaming of them in the morning. May God of his infinite love and Mercy Bless you all.

Your Devoted Husband

N. N. Davis.

Send me a viol Paregoric the first opportunity. Your sheet of paper came in good time as I was about out. Will save it for my next letter.

P. S. Since writing the enclosed letter Mr. Herron tells me that he would not leave today, and when he does he is going horseback. I have since concluded to send Joe and Billy both home. Joe has had Diarrhea for some time and does not get any better and is now of no service to Newt. I think it best to send them both home until they get well. Your last letter of the 15th

has just been handed me by the P.M. since I commenced this note. Your former letter was received. All the mail for Baldwin was stopped at Tupelo where we are now. I am sorry to hear that the mule died. I hope Em will become satisfied with the Woods this time. Tell Mrs. Smiley that I shall write to him soon. You must be very careful about the measles and try to prevent them from getting into our family. I should be miserable all the time if you and the children were to have them now.

Your Devoted Husband

N. N. Davis

Camp Near Tupelo, June 25th 1862

My dear Bettie:

As I have a leisure hour this morning I have concluded to spend it in writing you a short letter as it may be several days before I have another opportunity. We will have to move our camp in a day or two and when we do I shall be kept busy for some few days in attending to the arrangement of tents and every thing else necessary. I regret very much to have to move as we may not get as good water at our new camp as we have here. The objection to our present location is that the Regiments are too much crowded they think for health. It is only a mile to the place where we intend moving. We have men cleaning off the ground and digging wells. It is very warm, dry and dusty. The dust sometimes becomes so thick that it is almost indurable. Yesterday our Brigade ordered out for review by General Wethers. It presented a fine appearance when drawn up in line across an old field. Our Brigade is composed of five Regiments. The 24th, 21st, 18th, and 17th Ala. and the 5th Georgia, and Burtwell's Battery of Artillery. Col. Buck has gone to Mobile. He has been unwell for some time before he left. I enclose you a communication taken from a Mobile paper which Col. Buck had published in his defense against a slanderous report which was in circulation in regard to the fight our Regiment had at Blackland. I understood that the same report was in circulation about Columbus and many perhaps have reached you. It would require a long time to write you a full

explanation of the origin of the report, but suffice it to say that it is nothing but the fabrication of a vile, malicious, slanderous tongue without any shadow of foundation whatever. The report was that he was arrested for "Cowardice and unsolderly conduct in the presence of the enemy". I saw Mr. Jett on last Sunday. I was on duty at the time and had only a few minutes conversation with him. He was looking well. Jenkins came to see me on yesterday. He has been discharged from the service. He says that he is going to Tenn. He informed me that you had sent my Saddle Bags by Hillery Portwood. I shall be very glad when I get them. If we are ordered away before I get them I shall have nothing to carry my clothes in. I have turned over my trunk to the Quarter Master with my clothes in it. If Portwood left home when Jenkins says he did, he ought to have been here before this. I hope he will be here before many days.

Jenkins informed me that Billy and Joe had both reached home safely. I was very uneasy about them. Billy especially as he was very sick when he left here. Billy had five dollars which I gave him with instructions to give it to you when he reached home, or at least all that he did not use. If he has not given it to you get it from him. Your Brother Newt is well. He has gone to the Creek to wash his clothes. The Washer Women have all been sent away and consequently the men have to do their own washing. I learned a few days ago that Capt. McCracken was dead. I was truly sorry to hear it. It will certainly be a great loss to the Company. He died of Tiford Fever at Mr. Snells. I received a letter yesterday from Lieut. Dunlap's Sister. She informs me that he is very sick with Camp Fever. It will be sometime before he is able to return. I fear that you are suffering for rain. It has not rained enough to lay the dust since I camp up. The crops are beginning to suffer very much and if it does not rain soon, the corn crop in this section of country will be sorry.

It is so very warm and dusty that I feel unpleasant all the time. I cannot keep a shirt clean for one hour. I go to the Creek and take a bath, but I soon become as dirty as ever. If it has been as dry at home as it is here I know, the crop must be sorry.

How are my dear little Hammie and Willie and the sweet little Babe. I feel just as anxious to see you all as I did before I went home in April and I pray God that our separation may not be as long this time as it was before. I should be miserable if I thought so. I can't tell how long we will remain here. One Division has been sent to Holly Springs. It is still reported that our Division will go to Mobile. I believe that I should prefer going there to remaining. May Kind Heaven Bless and Protect You.

Your Devoted Husband

N. N. Davis

Atlanta, August 8th, 1862

My Dear Bettie:

I arrived here this morning and have only a few minutes to write to you. I wrote you on the Boat below Selma which I mailed to you from that place. We have had very warm unpleasant trip thus far. I am almost tired out. Have not slept much for several nights.

Billy was drowned in the river at Montgomery day before yesterday. We landed there in the morning and marched out to the Old Fair Ground to cook rations and get ready for the train next morning. We had been there a short time before I sent Billy down to the Spring on the river bank for a bucket of water. While there he took a foolish notion to go into the river to bathe. He striped off his clothes and went in the water and had gone but a short distance from shore when he got into a whirlpool which carried down instantly. He never came up to the top of the water after he went under. I never had any thing happen to me that I regret as much. I shall miss him very much but must try to do without him. I will try to hire a boy if I can. I know that dear little Hammie will cry when he learns that Billy is drowned. I hope you are all getting along well at home. I don't know yet where to tell you to write me at. We leave here in a few minutes for Chattanooga but it is my im-

pression now that we will go on up into Tennessee. Your Brother Newt is still complaining. He looks very badly. My health is good. May Kind Heaven bless you my dearest one.

Good Bye

Your Devoted Husband,

N. N. Davis.

Mrs. Bettie Davis

Care Henophon Halbert

Columbus, Mississippi

